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THE story of the most remarkable photographic expedition on record, by A. G. Wallihan, accompanied by a series of extraordinary photographs taken by the author under exciting and unique circumstances.

HUNTING the cougar, or mountain lion, with hounds, in Colorado, is very exciting sport, but when you exchange your rifle for a camera it becomes at once more difficult and adds a spice of danger. For with your rifle you can shoot the snarling, growling, ugly-looking beast from a very safe distance, but with a camera your shots must be from a range that encroaches uncomfortably on the danger zone. The hounds must be the first consideration, for without them the killing of a cougar becomes mere accident. The foxhound, trained by running with older dogs, and kept from running other game until he ac-

quires the idea that cougars are the only game he cares for, is the best all-around dog for the purpose. His best ally is a cross between a staghound and a shepherd, for this breed displays the speed and quick, snappy work of the staghound and the staying qualities and intelligence of the shepherd. As for the camera, it must be of good size and the lenses of long focus to give as large images as possible. The shutter must work with the utmost possible speed, for many chances will be amid the boughs of the dark green cedar or the piñon pine, or occasionally in a spruce tree. Then the light in mid-winter is actinically the weakest, and the most rapid plates are necessary. I have not found films rapid enough, and this, together with their other faults, tabooed them. In order to secure the camera and plate-holders from breakage, I constructed very strong wooden boxes, in which they were packed, and

the boxes securely lashed to a pack-saddle on a horse which led well. Then the hounds could be followed rapidly up and down hill, across deep gulches and arroyas and over the sagebrush parks.

One clear morning three companions and myself started up the gulch from the cabin, where we were staying, with four couples of hounds and as many shepherds and fighting dogs. About four inches of snow had fallen the day before, and the cedar, piñon, and occasional spruce trees, were loaded, making a scene from fairyland. Two or three miles from camp we climbed the mountain side at the left, and before we had reached midway we came across a cougar track. The two oldest dogs were uncoupled and turned upon it, while the balance were held in check. Following as fast as our horses could climb, we overtook the dogs at the top of the mountain, where they were balked by the trail which was completely tramped out by a band of range horses which had fed back and forth across it. Here the hounds took the back trail, a habit they learn from a trick the cougar has of doubling back exactly in its own steps. This caused one of our party to follow them and bring them back, while the rest scouted to find the trail, which we soon found on the other side of the horse track.

We were following slowly along the track, to give the hounds an opportunity to overtake us, when we came to a point where the cougar had sneaked off at right angles to its trail and sprung upon a deer and killed it. The deer had evidently been dragged for perhaps 200 yards, except for a short distance, when it had been carried bodily by the cougar, clear of the snow, leaving no sign whatever of its passage except the lion's tracks.

The hounds soon overtook us, and as we came upon the deer's carcass, a

short distance ahead, one of the party saw the lion running away. The scent was so fresh that all the dogs broke away, making noise enough to terrify any game within hearing. After them we rushed down over the brow of the mountain, then along just below it. The fastest dog in the pack soon set up a great barking, and the others joined him as rapidly as they arrived at the spruce tree in which the lion had taken refuge when we approached. By getting on the upper side of the tree I found a splendid chance (see No. III.), to get a face view of the lion; and when I had focussed the scale read 35 feet. When the exposure had been made I planned to go on the lower side of the tree while my companions drove the lion out and down past me, while I was to catch her as she ran by. By dint of much scratching two of the hounds climbed up the tree at least thirty feet, being aided by the limbs, which commenced very near the ground, and were so close together as to make this very curious feat possible.

On their approach the lion went up a little further, and then out on a limb. When I was ready one of the party fired several shots into the limb she was on, till finally it cracked beneath her weight, when she jumped as far out as she could. Her limb was a high one, and, taking her spring and fall together, she must have covered at least 100 feet before she struck the ground near me. Then snow flew up in such a cloud that an exposure was useless, so I waited. The dogs caught her a few yards away and soon finished her.

On another excursion, later in the winter, we found a lion track, and after a good chase of two or three miles the dogs treed a large male. My companions scared it out of the tree, and I attempted to "snap" it as it was in the air, but I failed. It only ran a short distance before treeing again. Here the tree-climbing dog distinguished



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III. "A SPLENDID CHANCE TO GET A FACE VIEW OF THE LION."

himself by climbing up thirty feet, to within about six feet of the lion, where he stood barking (No. IV.), the lion making an occasional swipe at him, but unable to reach him. I took a snapshot here, holding the 8 x 10 camera in my hand. I then went round and got a good position on the lower side of the tree, and my companions drove the lion down my way, as before, by shooting the limbs off. As soon as the lion started they ran around the tree to help me in case the lion should take a notion to wreak vengeance upon me, but the dogs had intervened, and my snap-shot shows the men at "ready" and the dogs getting satisfaction out of their quarry. (No. V.).

Later, but the same winter, we went to a region where wildcats were quite plentiful. The wildcat—*lynx rufus*—or bay lynx, though much smaller than the mountain lion, is much more active and longer winded, and generally gives you and the hounds a good, fast run. When you get him cornered he puts up a very stiff fight. The region we selected for the cat hunting was free from deer and lions, and this gave the dogs nothing to bother them when we found a cat trail. Turning the hounds loose, it was but a short time after entering the cedars before the stirring notes of a hound called his companions to him, and away we went, up hill and down, dodging under cedars, which occasionally dropped a few handfuls of snow down our necks—to keep us cool, no doubt—across valleys to another patch of timber; then perhaps back again, and, finally, the cat took to a tree. Such a bedlam of barks, howls, yelps and growls as those dogs set up would terrify almost anything; but up in the tree there sat a most demure and peaceful-looking pussy. Just wait a moment, till you see him amongst the dogs, where he is working all his feet and teeth at once, like a fiend incarnate. (No.

VI.). The odds are too great, however, and he is soon but a limp and lifeless form, and what was once the bold slayer of young fawns, rabbits, grouse and, if need be, tame chickens, is no more. I caught one snap-shot of a cat just after it jumped out of a tree, and started away, with two of the dogs in hot pursuit. (No. VII.). Another was treed in a dead-topped cedar, and our tree-climber hound "Sport" went up as far as the limbs would hold him; in fact, a little farther, for a limb broke with him, and down he came, thump! into the snow. He at once climbed back, and I secured a negative of both him and the cat. (No. VIII.). The cat was as high as he could get.

Of the American elk, but comparatively few are left. Ten years ago many thousands roamed the hills in the region of my home; now but an occasional straggler is heard of. I spent many months trying to obtain good photographs of them, with varying success, many times elated over a successful picture, and many more times discouraged and worn out over failure after the hardest and most tedious labor to approach them. Generally, in this work, the camera was slung over my shoulder by a strap, and the tripod in a case on the saddle, like a gun scabbard. When the game was sighted I approached as closely as the hills, brush or timber would permit; then the camera was mounted on tripod, and the pony tied and the stalk made. Frequently the elk would lie or feed on a ridge where approach was impossible, and their vision and scent are very keen. The past three years we spent much time in Western Wyoming, where are congregated the last large bands of elk. In the winter many of them seek the lowlands or deserts to pass the winter. Others select south hill or mountain sides, where they wade through the deep snows in pursuit of food.



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IV. "WITHIN ABOUT SIX FEET OF THE LION, HE STOOD BARKING."



Copyright, 1895, by A. G. Wallihan. V. "THE MEN AT 'READY,' AND THE DOGS GETTING SATISFACTION."

There the only method of approach was upon the Norwegian snowshoe, or "ski." The camera was slung in a pack on my back, and a pole about nine or ten feet long was carried to guide the erratic Norway steeds and to retard the sometimes too rapid flight down steep or sloping mountain sides. Many times I fell in the soft snow, and a few times on the crusted snow, but luckily without damage to myself or the more fragile camera.

With one companion I went up the

small stream, and where we were enabled to get quite close, and here I caught him on the plate just as he discovered us, and stood looking at us. (No. I.).

The photographer who would "snap" a bear needs a lot of patience, for they rank next to the cougar in shyness. Traveling through the aspen timber one day, we came upon a bear, rooting and pawing around some logs (No. IX.), evidently in quest of mice, ants, bugs and other insects. By careful



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VI. "LIKE A FIEND INCARNATE."

river on skis to a mountain side which was a great resort for elk, deer and a few mountain sheep, during the winter, as the snow melted, so they could travel in search of food more easily. We located a fine bull elk, and made a careful detour, by which we approached within good camera shot, and I secured a most successful negative of him as he stood in the snow, knee-deep (No. X.), on the shore of a lake. On another trip we found a bull who had quartered himself in a clump of spruce-cottonwood, aspen and willows on a

work a successful negative of him was secured.

Out in the open country, where his wonderful eyes and his lightning speed can have their full play, here loves to roam the antelope, the fleetest and the homeliest of American game. To outwit them and get within the requisite distance to obtain good photographs requires much patience and a very intimate acquaintance with them, for one must know about what they will do, as well as what they will not do. They will be, next to buffalo, the first to be-

come extinct, as their habitat exposes them to a constant warfare. The ranchman, the shepherd, the sportsman, wage a continuous battle with them, while the wolf and the coyote infest their territory and are very destructive to them.

Finding a spring they use constantly, we made a blind of sage and rabbit brush—not such a blind as ducks would be deceived by, but one that the coyote, whose vision is next to human, did not discern—I awaited the coming of the prong-horn to drink. Some-

times one would come suddenly in sight on the hill-top, half a mile away, running to water, followed by another and another, until a large bunch would be racing down upon me, causing my heart to thump in anticipation of their getting in range of my lens. Within one or two hundred yards of the water a halt was generally made, and much reconnoitering, manœvering, and apparent guessing as to there being a bugaboo at the spring. Thirst generally drove fear away, and they would cautiously come down into the gulch bottom, and when the water was once seen there was no further delay. Ofttimes an imaginary scare would send them all up and over the bank like mad, only to pause and return and drink their fill, when satisfied there was no danger.

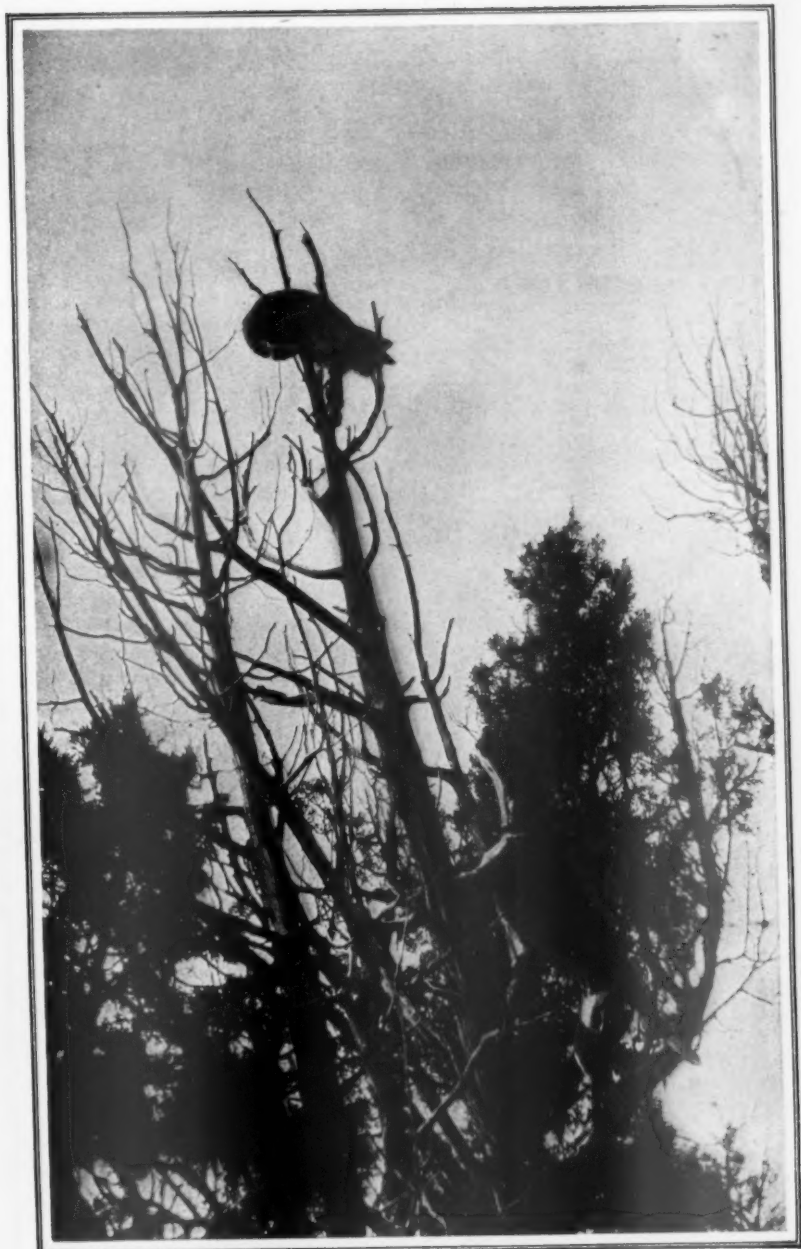
One day a band comes in, but run far round behind me, so I am utterly exposed; but they do not heed, so I turn the camera, and when they finally stop I catch them in single file. (XI).

The black tail, or mule deer, is, without question, the finest of American game. In build, color and action he is without peer. A few years ago it was thought they could not be exterminated here, but the inroads of the ranchman, the Indian, the sportsman and the hide-hunter has made sad havoc in their ranks. As they migrate in the fall to a region where the snowfall is ighter, a chance is offered that we took advantage of to secure photographs of them. Awaiting them near the top of a sand ridge, so as to secure an image above the sky line, I had boldly planted my camera so that the first comer over the trail would be out in view before he would see me. I was wishing for a lordly buck, but only a spike buck came. Behind him were others, but I heard running, and imagined the rest of the band had run away; but after this fellow passed on, then came the one I wished for, but I could not stir a finger



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VII. "TWO OF THE DOGS IN HOT PURSUIT."



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VIII. "THE CAT WAS AS HIGH AS HE COULD GET."



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IX. "EVIDENTLY IN QUEST OF MICE, ANTS, BUGS AND OTHER INSECTS."



Copyright, 1898, by A. G. Wallihan. X. "AS HE STOOD IN THE SNOW KNEE-DEEP."

to turn my plate-holder until they were gone. Awaiting them on another day in the cedars, a doe and fawn, then a fine buck, next a spike buck, and finally another large buck, came rapidly toward me. At about ninety feet a sharp whistle stopped them, but the lordly buck had appointed his better half as guard, so he thought he would nibble a few bites while she looked for the alarm.

These are but a few incidents in ten years of effort to faithfully portray, by

the truthful eye of the camera, the forms of our game animals. The conditions under which they were obtained are fast vanishing—some, indeed, gone—and to-day all are far more difficult to secure than they have been, and in a few years nearly and, perhaps all, will be gone. My intention now is to publish the best of my collection in very artistic and fine reproductions in book form, since they can never be duplicated, and thus preserve to the world true images of the game of to-day.



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XI. "WHEN THEY FINALLY STOP, I CATCH THEM SINGLE FILE."

THE SHERIFF.

By E. HOUGH.

In the third of his Western character sketches, "The Sheriff," Mr. Hough again writes of actual men and actual occurrences. The Sheriff is not an imaginary man, and the death of the Sheriff's children is not an imaginary circumstance. The incident of the killing of the unregenerate Carlos Kid is but a chapter from the unwritten history of that red Southwest with which Mr. Hough is so familiar. It may, therefore, be said that the story shows real life in that dramatic period of development of a little known part of America, when the half wild men of the frontier began to come in and take the oath of society. The crystalization of the law and order sentiment in the Western frontier was always a curious, but inevitable phenomenon of the early West. It is well indicated in this sketch which shows the change from the old ways to the new, from the days when the "church was empty and jail was full," to the time when the churches became full and jails were left untenanted.—THE EDITOR.

IT was a duet of the bells in Cañon Blanco. The large bell in the church tower, the new bell that was the pride of Cañon Blanco, tolled solemnly, marking the passing of a human soul. Meantime down the street there passed the smaller and yet more discordant hand bell of the crier, likewise an innovation, but proof of the town's earnest struggle to be progressive.

The first bell, the bell of the steeple, tolled for the death of the two twin babies of William Stebbins, the Sheriff of Dona Ana County. The little bell, by some crude conception of the fitness of things in this community still new to the ways of progress, called all the population to meet that night at the new church, to listen to the Rev. Jonas Webb, late of San Saba County, Texas, the evangelist who was to begin a protracted meeting in that community.

The duet of the bells was a duel of two epochs. These ancient mountains had heard bells before, bells of the traveling chapels centuries ago, bells of the friars who had established missions in these mountains for the benefit of *los Indios reducidos*. The bell of the Protestant religion had never been heard here before, but it differed from the ancient bells of Spain only in its greater volume and its more aggressive tone. The *Indios reducidos* who lived near by

calmly accepted the new bell in the valley. It was the Gringos' mission bell. Let the Gringos attend upon its summons.

The Gringos harkened to the two bells. They knew that irrigation had done this thing. When the ditch made possible the rearing of crops on this red southwestern soil, the grangers came in, and always grangers have brought women with them, and always women have needed churches. Gamblers' money was in these new red bricks, and the money of ranchmen, and mining men and merchandizing men.

Cañon Blanco was not ashamed of its church, though it did not pretend to understand it. Of course everybody knew that Mrs. Stebbins was the member representing the Stebbins family, and it was in her honor that the bell was tolled for the two little ones now lying dead of scarlet fever in the big adobe where the Sheriff lived. As for Bill Stebbins himself, while he had never talked much on these subjects, he had never come out in distinct favor of the new enterprise. It was therefore matter of some conjecture among the old-time element as to what would be Bill Stebbins' attitude regarding the service to be held at the burial of his children.

Death had taken on a new awkwardness in Cañon Blanco. In the past, if

there was any "trouble," and if some one got killed, it was all simple enough. The burial was not an occasion for any hesitations, not often one of much grief or of many regrets. But this death, of two "little fellers" who were known by the whole town, and whose father was respected by the whole county—this death of two innocent little children, whose mother was nearly distracted, and whose father sat at home dumb in a sorrow such as these rude men had never seen since they came to this little valley—what was the matter with the country, anyway? No one knew how to act. No one knew what was the right thing to do.

It became impressed upon the mind of Cañon Blanco for the first time that a church was not a thing which could be erected and then left alone. It could not be builded and then allowed to run itself. It was perhaps a duty of all these old citizens of Cañon Blanco, men who had gone in here years ago, when there was not a ranch in the whole valley nor a hole in all the hills, to go to the service which was announced for this evening. Think not that this decision was reached in scoffing or in ribaldry, for such was not the case. The whole attitude was one of perplexed respectfulness. A community that had always done without a church was now pondering how to get along with it. That was the problem.

The Rev. Jonas Webb belonged to that sect or denomination known as Free Disciples, a part of whose creed was that by great self-denial and strenuous prayer a man may become sanctified, so that it is after that impossible for him to sin. The noted evangelist himself openly announced that he had reached that goodly state of life, and that personally he could commit no sin.

"He don'd look like it," said White-man, the Jew. "I vouldn't a-belieft it if he didn't said it."

"We let him play his hand," said Haskins, the gambler.

Tall, thin, long of arm and leg, the reverend gentleman was somewhat stooped by the knee-sprung bend of his lower limbs, which pitched him forward in a spavined fashion. His eye was gray and not too small, his mouth wide and tremulous, his face rather that of the devotee than of the pre-



"THE REV. JONAS WEBB STRODE ON . . . TO THE HOUSE OF MOURNING."

Drawn by Louis Belts.

tender. His speech was a strange admixture of local dialect and Scriptural allusion.

It was Mrs. Weston, the wife of the postmaster, who made bold to ask the Rev. Jonas Webb if he would preach the funeral sermon over the dead babies, and also the regular sermon in due course following. She was the more strenuous as to the former sermon. "There's our graveyard," said

she, "and there's good people in it; but there ain't no one in it that ever had a regular Methodist sermon preached over 'em."

The face of the evangelist lightened with zeal. He foresaw the leaven for his cause which this simple affliction might mean. He knew how much more easily he might sway this crude multitude if their hearts were first softened by their sympathy, and their minds sobered by the spectacle of another's wondering grief.

"Dear sister," said he, "it is the duty and the joy of our callin' to bring light into heathendom. I will preach this sermon, and will strive to show these benighted people how they are a-walkin' in darkness and sin."

Thus, without any consultation with the bereaved family, the arrangements went forward for the services over the twins, to be held at the church; these being the first services of any kind ever held in that building.

"I hope to cause an awakenin' in this benighted valley," said the Rev. Jonas Webb to himself, with a certain exultation, as he strode on, a trifle later in the day, to the house of mourning, where he bethought him to obtain the necessary facts regarding the lives of the two little ones. Yet as he stepped with confidence up from the gate, his ardor received a check. His gaze fell upon the immobile face of the Sheriff, who sat looking at the mountains, and who did not appear aware of the presence of the new comer.

"Dear brother," said the minister, laying a hand upon the other's shoulder, "I have come to give you comfort. Rest sure in the faith, dear brother, and let us hope that these little ones have gone to a better world. Are you yourself a believer?"

This last he asked so directly that Stebbins turned and looked at him. "I have never been to church," said he, "I am the sher'f of Don'yanna."

"Poor errin' soul!" said the evangelist. "How have your sins found you out? See what judgment has come upon you. Had your own life been different the Lord would not have brought this sorrow upon you, dear brother."

The Sheriff of Dona Ana seemed not to hear him, and he turned and went on into the house.

"Have these babies ever been baptized?" he asked. There came from somewhere the tearful admission that such had never been the case. Cañon Blanco had all her life dwelt apart from the ways of the older world.

"Unless ye be baptized, ye cannot be saved!" said the Rev. Jonas Webb, solemnly.

The eye of the Sheriff fell upon him. "What do you want here?" asked the Sheriff.

"I have come to prepare for the funeral of these two babes, to be held at the church in advance of the regular services," said the evangelist.

"Mary!" called the Sheriff. His wife came and stood by his side, wiping her eyes and looking into the face of her husband. Neither said a word. The frown between Stebbins's eyes relaxed for a moment. It deepened again as he turned toward the minister.

"Friend," said he, quietly, "there ain't goin' to be any funeral in the church. We're goin' to bury 'em from here."

"Dear brother," began the minister, "dear sister, it would be much better if"— He went no farther. The voice of spiritual authority failed before the stern command of the man who was the law for five hundred miles of sand and sinfulness.

"Go play yore game," said the Sheriff of old Dona Ana. "You'll be treated right, fer I've said you must be. We'll play our own game at this station, the way we always done. We loved 'em a lot," he added as his sole apology, "but



"WELL, FOR PITY'S SAKE . . . GO AND GET HIS HEAD IF YOU WANT IT SO BAD."

Drawn by Louis Betts.

we won't do no pertendin'. We'll do the way we always done."

The populace of Cañon Blanco assembled that night at the opening of the new church. There were grangers from twenty miles lower down on the ditch, and mining men from fifteen

miles up the range. The brakemen from the freight train came in. The stores were closed and their keepers and clerks came to the summons of the bell, which now clanged with high authority across the valley, until its echoes were flung back from the mountain side

as may only be in one of these ancient, forgotten valleys of the far Southwest. There came some of the thin-faced riders from the cattle ranches round about, and there were Mexican teamsters from the El Paso wagon trail, and even of the *Indios reducidos*, there were some from up the valley, where the old Spanish *placita* stood with its own century-old dove-cote of a house of worship. The Rev. Jonas Webb never had a stranger or a wilder audience; nor did he ever have one more serious, more sober, more intent upon being respectful, courteous and understanding.

The Rev. Jonas Webb began his discourse slowly and calmly. He said that he knew Cañon Blanco was seeking to cast off the ways of heathendom, to establish law, order and decency within its gates. He told those present that unless they turned from their ancient habits there could be no hope for them. Their past would doom them forever, unless they came to that agonizing sense of remorse which all must feel before they could be saved. Yet, he said to them, if they firmly resolved to repent and to believe, if they attended church regularly and took up their part of the burden of a better life, there might at last be hope for them. They might, indeed, after long seasons of self-questioning, of wrestling with the powers of sin, be able ultimately to attain immunity from sin. He offered himself as an example of a man purified by prayer and self-devotion to the cause of the church. He declared that he was incapable of sin, so shielded about was he by the sanctity he had attained. Some of those present might perhaps be able to attain an equal sinlessness, if they strove and wrestled mightily.

The Rev. Jonas Webb looked down upon an audience uncomfortable and perplexed at this stage of his address, which, until now, had been delivered in

a calm and semi-argumentative tone of voice, with none of that vehemence and nervous excitement which really made his greatest capital as a notable exhorter. But now as the minister spoke on, his voice, rising and falling, gained ever a higher key. There came a strange tension in the air. Sighs and shufflings became audible as his flowing speech went on, rising and falling, persuadingly, threateningly, commandingly. And then came the utterance which caused schism in the church of Cañon Blanco.

"Within sight of my eye," he cried, "yea, within sound of my voice, there sets at his moment one of you all who has harkened not, but who has made deaf his ear! He might yet be snatched, even as a brand from the burnin', to a realizin' sense of his sins; but there he sets, the gloom of death upon his household, the hand of retribution on his heart! The sins are visited even unto the third and fourth generation. Had it not been for the past life of this wicked and idolatrous man, his babes might this night be prattlin' at his knee, their mother might this night be comforted! What fate for such a man, but that of the pit, yawnin' to engulf him in its flames! And in that same pit must perish them two babes, which have died in their sin, unbaptized and onregenerate! Oh! my dear hearers, my dear brothers, my dear sisters, take this lesson untoe yore hearts. Do you all want yore own little children to follow the feet of these onredeemed? Come right now, come up here and pray that a fate like this may not be yourn. Turn ye, turn ye, while yet there is time! Come, while there yet is grace!"

In that audience there was not one scoffer. There were brows knotted in the effort to understand, but there was no lip wreathed in sneers. Yet, as the evangelist closed his passionate harangue, there was a double movement in

• his audience. Some came forward, weeping. Others slipped silently out into the night.

"He plays his game," said Al Haskins; "an' he shore plays it strong." He wiped his face, as though perspiration were not an unknown thing in the thin, dry air of Cañon Blanco.

"What'll Bill do?" asked some one. There was uncertainty in the popular attitude, but all seemed to feel that the end of this was not yet. There was a subdued and not unrelated feeling that the opening of the new church had been a success, yet there still remained the irrepressible question as to what the Sheriff would do. Would the freedom of the pulpit protect one who had thus spoken of a man before the friends who had known and respected him these many years? Thus began the schism in Cañon Blanco.

The Sheriff of Dona Ana still sat at the door, as though he had not changed his position. He still looked out at the ancient, silent mountains. Back of him was his wife, whose bowed head rested upon the arm of his chair. His great hand, gnarled, crooked, with stubbed, heavy fingers—one of the fingers gone—was lying on her hair. A shadow fell upon the threshold, and the Sheriff looked up. The eye of the man who was the earthly law of that land fell upon the eye of him who claimed to be the evangel of the Law above.

"Pore, suff'rin' soul," began the minister, advancing with outstretched hand, "how are you in yore heart this mornin'?"

His hand was not taken, yet he advanced still farther, and rested with his hand leaning on the door jamb, looking into the house and at those who sat close by the door.

"Pore sister," he resumed, "my heart bleeds for you this mornin'. Will you not come to the house of prayer, to ask forgiveness for yore sins? There

yet is hope. The dead are dead in sin, but for the livin' there is hope."

Never had the face of the Sheriff looked as it looked then. His face was the very image of agony. All the mountains then were black to him, the sun grew dull, the air heavy and hard to breathe. One hand caught his throat. The other dropped from his wife's head, and fell upon the one Remedy which in all his tempestuous life had been enough for him—for him, Sheriff, judge and jury, many and many a time.

"Man!" said the Sheriff to the minister, "there's something wrong. They tell me that last night you spoke—you done said—right there, before all them folks, my friends, folks that's always knowed me for a square man—you said that I was due to be damned—well—and worst of all, you said that my two little babies, *her* babies—hern and mine—them two little fellers—you said them two little fellers was a-goin' to be damned, because they nor their father'n mother wasn't members of no church. Is that so? Did you say any such a thing as that? I'm—I'm the Sheriff of this county. Tell me, man, an' say it quick. Tell me you never did say any such a d—d lie as that."

The face of the evangelist lighted up with a stern joy. His mouth twitched, his eye gleamed, his features assumed a certain homely nobility of their own.

"I said them words, brother," said he, "An' now I come to say them to you again. I want to show you the awfulness of yore life of sin."

The arm of the Sheriff flew up with the Remedy, straight and true on the line of the minister's face. His wife sprang and swung down on his pistol arm, but like a bar of steel it hung straight out in front of him. Down the tube of death there blazed the eye that had meant judgment so many, many times.

"Go!" panted the Sheriff. "Go



"THUS THE RELAPSED PAGAN DIED
UNSANCTIFIED."

Drawn by Louis Beltrame.

and out of the lives of the dwellers in Cañon Blanco.

"I reckon," said Whiteman, the Jew, "dot vas der only sangdified man dot ever come in dis camp. But we ged along avile vidout him, yet, hein?"

II.

quick! I can't hold back much longer." Tears rolled down his cheeks, blinding the gaze which still held level back of the shining foresight of the truest weapon in all bloody old Dona Ana.

With fallen head, and widely waving arms, and eyes upturned to heaven, Jonas Webb passed down the street

From the Army post over on the El Paso trail there came word of another Indian outrage, as it was nominated in the local mining papers. Two years before this time a sutler who had a semi-connection with the Army post had killed an inoffensive Indian who was much seen about that same post, and who had no record of ill-doing ever charged against him. It was simply a drunken act of anger done by a worth-

less man. The victim had made no defense, and was never charged with any provocation. The act was but one of many of the sort in the lawless Southwest, and it attracted little attention. It was only another Indian gone. No attempt was ever made to punish the murderer, who, later, left the post and retired to more private life in a nearby town.

The dead Indian left behind him one son, as mild and inoffensive as himself; a youth, not yet twenty years of age. The latter was called the Carlos Kid, and about the Army post was known mainly as an object of merriment. For, such was the unspeakably illogical nature of his mind, this boy sought the ancient blood right of his people. He wanted justice upon the murderer of his father. It was most annoying, and the more so because the K. O. told him, time and again, that he had nothing to do with the case, and that it was to the Gringos in the settlements he should go for justice, since both he and the accused man had taken up their residence there. This matter was too deep for the brain of the youth, who ever returned and asked that the murderer might be taken and tried. "Then," said the Carlos Kid, "if he be not found worthy of the white man's punishment, I shall never trouble him or you any more."

One night the K. O. and others of the post officers were sitting at a game of cards, not wishing to be disturbed. To them by some means came this same youth, with his old story and his old request. This time he varied it somewhat.

"See, now," said this youth to the commanding officer, "if it be, as you say, too much trouble and expense to try this man, I will take the matter into my own hands. If you say so, I will go and bring in his head. Then the honor of my family will be washed clean."

"Well, for pity's sake," cried the K. O., "go and get his head, if you want to so bad! Do anything, only go away, and don't bother me any more about this thing, or I'll crack you into the guardhouse, just for luck."

So now the Carlos Kid went away happy. He easily found the ex-sutler, as he could have done at any time while he was waiting for the action of the white man's law. He killed him joyfully, and brought his head in a sack to the Army post. History says that it was thought to be a watermelon he was carrying, until interrogation caused him to show proudly the proof of his honor, now washed clean.

This was a different matter. An Indian had now killed a white man. He was arrested at once, for what reason he could never understand. He pleaded that he had only done as the white chief had told him to do. He had not run away. He had come back, bringing with him the proof, so that the white chief might see clearly that there had been no mistake, and that it was the life of the real offender that had been ended. Why should he now be put in prison for this deed?

Answer this, someone who is good at riddles in white and red. The K. O. did not debate it an instant. He put the boy in irons and sent for the Sheriff to come and get him. As law, this was perhaps a little mixed, but it was good enough law for an Indian, even if it did not work both ways.

So some deputies came and took the Carlos Kid, with two other prisoners, and placed them on a wagon, and started for the settlement of the Gringos. The way was long, and the officers were careless, probably also drunk. The Kid asked permission to walk for a way, and it was given to him. He slipped behind one of the deputies, and struck him with the doubled manacles over the head, stunning him, so that an instant later the

Kid had his six shooter. He promptly used it, killing both the deputies. He then set free the other prisoners at the wagon, and the three took to the mountains. The bloody, calm South-west held now three more fugitives. There was at least one more relentless wild animal to prey on this new civilization which the blue-eyed men had brought into these hills.

It had therefore now become the duty of the Sheriff of Dona Ana to arrest this new desperado, this wild beast, crazed with a sense of wrong, and maddened now with the stain of three deaths on his hands; a stain which widened and deepened. For now he sent in word that his heart was bad, and that he would henceforth not cease to slay, since he had learned that the white men lied and had no honor among them. All these facts the Sheriff knew very well, and indeed he knew the boy himself personally very well, and had done so for some years, since he was of the *Indios reducidos*, who lived in the *placita* about the old church up the valley.

The Sheriff knew where to go and what to do. Thus it happened at last that, in a little, far-off, winding valley of the red-sided mountains, the Sheriff and his sand-scorched posse cornered the Kid and his little band of sullen fighting men, these *Indios reducidos* who needed the farther and ultimate reduction at the hand of the Anglo Saxon race. The Indians took to the rocks, and the white men did the same, leaving their horses back of them in the cañon. White was ever better than red at the matter of rifle shooting, and at last the exchanging meant three dead men for the posse, and six dead for the Indians. The Kid and two others were still left alive. The two came out, holding up their hands; but the Kid clung to his cover and fired again and again, even after he was left quite alone. He fell at last, with

a bullet through the body, which brought him to his knees, for the moment dazed and helpless.

The men who stepped up to this desperado, this human rattlesnake, this many times murderer, heard no yell of defiance, saw no look of withering hatred, heard no boasts of savage deeds. They surrounded him and took away his weapons, and raised his face from the earth where it was bowed down. One of these who assisted at the capture said that the face of the Indian boy was not marked by fear, neither by anger. It showed chiefly a great sadness, with grief and resolution. Others say that the face of an Indian cannot show such things. At least, he died according to his creed.

"I cannot understand," he said, as he rested on his knees, supported by his captors. "My heart is bad."

"Come," said the Sheriff of Dona Ana, reaching out to him a hand, "Come. You shall be tried. I'll see that it is fair."

"Too late, *amigo*," said the boy. "My heart is bad. I cannot be good. Shoot me again. I am not dead, and I cannot be good."

And so, since at last he rose and ran more swiftly than they would have believed possible, they shot him again, and thus the relapsed Pagan died, unsanctified.

III.

The Sheriff of Dona Ana sat one Sabbath morning looking out of his door. His heavy face was thinner than it had been for years. Perhaps this was in part due to his last long ride into the mountains. He gazed steadily out, and before him lay the old familiar scenes of Cañon Blanco. There was the new courthouse, and at one side nearby, there was the old jail. There was also the new church, the only building in the town that was built of red brick, and the only one that had no tenant. The Sheriff looked from

these things to the eternal panorama of the red and purple hills. He was long silent.

"Mary," said he at last, with a long sigh, "I've been thinkin' I oughtn't to be the sher'f no more."

His wife, startled at this sudden and incredible speech, said nothing, but came and laid a hand upon his shoulder. "What is it, William?" said she.

"I never used to have no trouble about seein' things straight," said the Sheriff. "I've been square, and that's my record an' my reputation. But I ain't clear no more. It seems like things was someway changed. I done my duty always. The church is empty, but the jail is full. But now, somehow, maybe the old ways can't last forever. Maybe I ain't fit any more. Now, I don't want to harm no man on earth, nor do him no sort of act that ain't right an' square."

"You never did," said his wife, quietly, putting her hand this time on top of his.

"I never wanted to. But who's to say what's right, each an' every time? I used to know every time, but now I ain't certain. An' the Sher'f of Don'yanna shore ought to be certain all the time. Now, I've done hung my gun up there over the crib, an' d—n me, if I care whether I ever wear it again or not. I ain't fit to wear it. That's what's worryin' me."

The pressure on his hand tightened, and the Sheriff went on. "Look here," said he. "Now, I oughtn't to a-wanted to kill that preacher, that was a plum sanctified man, accordin' to the way he allowed. But I did want to! An' I ought to a-wanted to kill that Kid when he said he wouldn't stop, an' kep' on runnin'. But I didn't want to! Yet that Kid was about as onsanctified as they make 'em, I reckon. He allowed he couldn't never be good. The other feller, he allowed, just as hard, that he couldn't be bad. Now, what is a feller goin' to do in a case like that? If my judgment's clouded that a-way, I ain't fit to be sher'f no more. Instead of takin' care of my business, I'm just studyin', all the time. As between them two, fer instance, what chance has the preacher got? What chance has the Kid got? What chance have I got; or anybody else?"

The wife of the Sheriff rose and went back into the house. "It says," said she, "something like this: 'Out of the mouth of babes.' I heard it, years ago."

So she came presently and laid upon his knees the Book, long hid and very dusty, and together they read where at length her hesitating finger found the place.

The Sheriff of Dona Ana County drew his wife's aching heart down close to his own. And then, he kissed her tenderly.



FIGHTING FIRES IN A COAL MINE.

BY PERCIVAL RIDSDALE.



LOOKING UP THE MAN WAY TOWARD THE SURFACE.

THE greatest terror to the miners and loss to the companies engaged in mining coal are mine fires. They are of frequent occurrence, and usually very difficult to fight, taking months of time and hundreds of thousands of dollars before they are extinguished, the mine cleared and work resumed. The loss is not all due to fighting the fire; the fact that the mine is compelled to suspend work and the five to nine hundred mine workers employed in each colliery laid idle, means a big drain on the profits of the company and a loss to the workers that takes them years to recover. The idle miner is unlike the idle workman of other classes. When he has no employment at the mine he seldom manages to get work anywhere else, and he waits with what patience he can, and often with much suffering, for the welcome sound of the breaker

whistle to call him to the colliery. A mine cave will affect usually only a small portion of a mine and lay off comparatively few of the workers; the damage done by an explosion is repaired in a few days; the falls of top rock and coal, which kill more men than any other accidents, are confined to a small portion of the mine; but a fire is all-affecting. It may be in one portion of a vein, but it creates a danger that compels all the workers, except the fire-fighters, to quit the mine; it generates gases that the strongest air currents struggle to disperse, and it threatens death to all who are not most carefully guarded.

The mine fire is seldom extinguished in less than a month, often it rages for a year; and there are mines in the strip of anthracite in Northeastern Pennsylvania that have been on fire for a decade, and are still burning in an effort to eat themselves out. Often they are so fierce that they eat into the solid rock. There is one mine at Pittston, Pa., where a fire of gas, generated and lighted by burning coal, burned out a forty-foot dome in the solid rock before it was all consumed.

There are practically three ways of fighting these destructive fires—by filling the mine with water to a level above the level of the fire, flushing them out by a torrent of water rushed upon them like the escape of a pent cascade or the breaking of a dam, or sealing them up, so that they either burn themselves out for want of necessary oxygen or are confined behind great walls of masonry to a certain portion of the mine.

The companies take the utmost precautions to prevent them; no fire department is better organized than the men at the mines for stopping a fire as soon as it is discovered; no expense is spared in the effort to reduce the dan-

ger to a minimum; but, despite all this, the chances for a fire are so numerous, its spread so rapid, that the companies never feel safe. Some of the mines are so gaseous that a constant current of air is forced through the workings, and the miners use only safety lamps. In these the danger from fire is great; a little explosion, the ignition of a feeder—a small stream of gas escaping from a crevice in the coal—a lamp carelessly upset, may cause a fire costing a goodly fraction of a million dollars. In the other and less gaseous mines the brushing of a driver-boy's lighted lamp against an oil-soaked timber has often

started a fire that took months to extinguish.

The fire-fighters are skilled miners, but, despite the danger of the work, the great endurance required, the extreme exhaustion incident to facing an enclosed furnace at a fighting distance, the frequent partial suffocation due to the noxious gases, their pay is comparatively small; \$2.25 and \$2.50 a day of eight hours is what they get, and for that they face death every minute of the time they are in the mine. Yet there are always many applicants for any place on the fire-fighting gang.

At the first alarm of fire in a mine



"WHERE A FIRE OF GAS, GENERATED AND LIGHTED BY BURNING COAL, BURNED OUT A FORTY FOOT DOME IN THE SOLID ROCK."

Drawn by Frank Adams.

the officials make every effort to check its spread and confine it to the chamber, gangway, heading or vein, where it is discovered, but the great difficulty that nearly always faces the workmen is that of getting water quickly to the scene. Some of the mines have workings that extend several miles, and it often is many days before pipes can be laid and water carried to the remote workings on one of the lower levels, where the fire is most likely to occur.

At a fire at Parsons, Luzerne County, Pa., which started in December, and was still raging when this article was written, with the prospect of burning for some months, the water had to be pumped along rising ground for a mile and a quarter before it reached the manway nearest to the fire; then down the four-hundred-foot slope and along the workings, now descending, now on an ascent, fifteen hundred feet to the face of the fire. It took over a week to lay this great length of pipe, al-

though work was kept up day and night, and it was two weeks before the actual work of pouring a large stream of water on the fire was commenced. By that time it had spread so that it threatened the workings of two adjoining mines—the workings in that part of the Wyoming Valley are connected for a distance of ten miles. The two adjoining mines had to be shut down, owing to the gases escaping from the fire threatening the workers with suffocation, and at each from four to six hundred men and boys are thrown out of work. At one of these mines four officials, skilled and careful men, went down to make an inspection; they were overtaken by the deadly fire damp and three of them suffocated. A fourth was rescued barely in time to save his life. This incident is not an unusual one; the gases are so treacherous, so deadly, that the utmost skill is frequently at a loss to deal with them.

At a mine within the limits of the



"THREE HUNDRED FEET BELOW THE FIRE HAD EATEN OUT THE PILLARS OF THE MINE, AND A CAVE-IN FOLLOWED."

large city of Wilkes-Barre a fire has been raging for twenty-five years. The company spent a fortune in trying to extinguish it, but after years of work it still blazed. They then walled it in with great thicknesses of masonry, hoping that in time it would burn itself out, but the time has not yet come. Men are employed constantly playing water on the masonry to keep it from cracking with the great heat within.

At Plymouth, a large town in the Wyo-



ON THE UPPER SIDE OF THE FLOOD GATE, WHERE TIMBERS THICKER THAN A MAN'S BODY SUPPORT THE WALL.



BELOW THE GATE, WHERE THE FLOOD STARTED AND RACED TO THE FIRE.

Then the weary work of pumping it out commenced. It took five months of constant effort by the

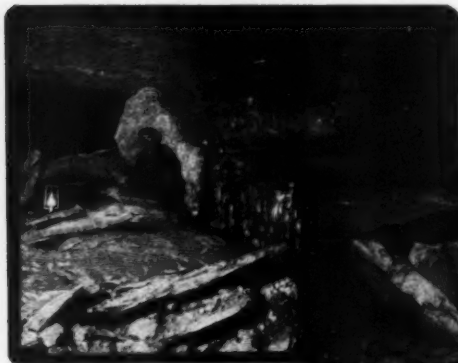
ming Valley, a big mine caught fire from the burning of a breaker. Some blazing timbers fell down the shaft, setting it on fire, and preventing entrance to the mine. The fire burned in the shaft and spread downward and inward. In this case there was but one thing to be done. Great pumps were erected, and, the river being near, water was poured into the mine for months, until it was flooded to the bottom of the shaft. Then the water was allowed to remain for some weeks, until, in the opinion of the officials, it had reached every nook and cranny of the mine where fire could have lodged.

monster pumps. A couple of months more work was needed to make repairs, and then it was discovered that a large fire burned in the mine, many feet below the level the water had reached. This was due to the air and gases, generated by the fire, holding back the flood of water, a monster cushion of compressed air and gas. Vent holes had to be bored from the surface to remove this, and the weary work of flooding was begun again. It was two years before the mine was in condition to resume operations.

There were two fires that are fam-

ous, owing to the great engineering skill, bravery and endurance displayed by the fire-fighters in the face of enormous odds, and their success, after frequent repulses.

The first of these was at Lost Creek.



A SIX-FOOT VEIN OF COAL AND A FALL AT THE MOUTH OF A FORTY-FOOT CHAMBER.

in the lower anthracite belt. There at the Packer No. 5 colliery, on May 1, 1894, smoke was discovered coming from a breast on a slope levelled gangway. The gas filled the workings east and west, and it was with difficulty that the fighters got within fifteen feet of the fire, which was found burning in a counter chute 240 feet long, 10 feet high and 7 feet wide, used for carrying the coal from the miners' "breasts" to the foot of the slope. The heavy timbering and coal remaining in the chute furnished fuel for the flames, which are supposed to have been started by a loader's lamp coming in contact with the dry timbering. It was first proposed that a dam be built to prevent the fire from spreading, but later it was decided that the best method would be to fight a hand-to-hand battle with pipes and hose. A partition was built and canvas stretched along the other workings to carry pure air to the fire-

men. The gases, however, became so strong that it was necessary to build air-tight boxes, in which the firemen were placed, air being pumped in to them while they poured water through holes in the box on the fire. Pipes for carrying compressed air to the mining drills were used to carry water, and a second line of hose was laid. The gases were carbonic and carbonic oxide, and to clear them away a brattice—a light partition diverting an



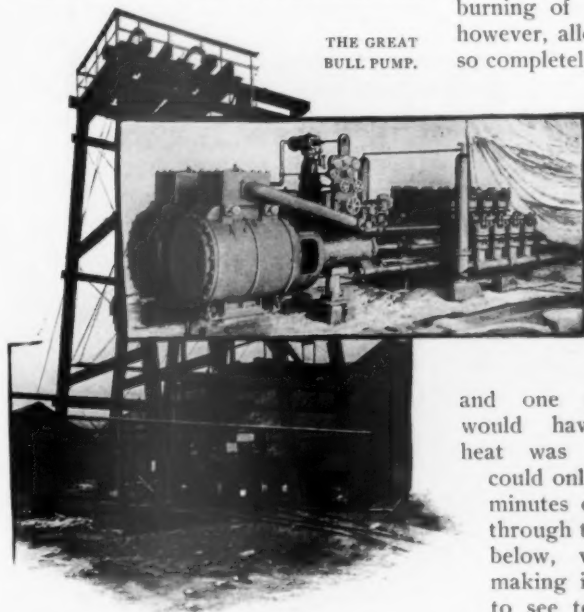
A FALL OF ROCK AND COAL AFTER A FIRE IN A GANGWAY TWENTY-FOUR FEET HIGH.

air current—was built. Wooden pipes a foot square were constructed to carry off these gases, and a fan drained them. A big pump was erected and connections made with the local water company mains. The play ends of the pipes were fastened in position, as it was found impossible, owing to the intense heat, for the men to guide the streams long enough to make their work effective. The gangway on either side had to be cleared of the falling coal and slate, and this was very dangerous work, as, when removed, the burning coal rushed to replace it, and the men often narrowly escaped being caught and killed. Water was poured on this sliding, burning coal, and when cooled it was dug out and removed to an old

"breast" in barrows. The intense heat compelled the company to erect a sixteen-foot forcing fan. This was done in eleven and one-half hours. A four-day rainstorm broke the dams, and the pumps were flooded. Tanks holding 1,500 gallons each were then placed on the carriages to lift the water, and the interference with the air currents was overcome by the erection of another fan, which necessitated the laying of a spur from an adjoining track so that the fan could be supplied with steam by a locomotive. Thus was the time required for erecting a stationary boiler saved. After the fire was thought to be out, there was another outbreak, and it required, in all, seventy days to extinguish it. During the fire, air was carried from the workings in rubber bags and tested outside every couple of hours, and when the gas became too heavy in it, precautions were

taken. This doubtless saved loss of life, for at any hour during the day officials on the surface were able to tell how much life-sustaining oxygen there was in the air the fire-fighters were breathing.

The Hazleton No. 1 slope fire occurred January 25, 1895. The only men inside at the time were the pump-runners, who discovered flames issuing from the mouth of a slope. Investigation found the slope and pumpway blocked with burning timbers and coal from the roof. Batteries like entrenchments were built to prevent the hot coal from rushing on the firemen, who had to fight in on the slope from underneath, and there was constant danger of a rush of the burning coal. A tank with 10,000 gallons capacity was erected at the head of the shaft. This was constantly filled and emptied down the heavy pitch of the slope. The burning of the supporting timbers, however, allowed the slope to cave in so completely that the water could not trickle through to the fire. Gas was found near the fired section; it burned sluggishly and could not be moved, despite all the ingenuity of the officials. It was a constant menace to the fire-fighters, as the danger of an explosion was never absent, and one under those conditions would have meant death. The heat was intense, and the men could only work in relays of fifteen minutes duration. The water sent through the fire went into the slope below, vaporizing the air, and making it impossible for the men to see ten feet in front of them. The temperature rendered the water and the free sulphuric acid it contained most destruc-



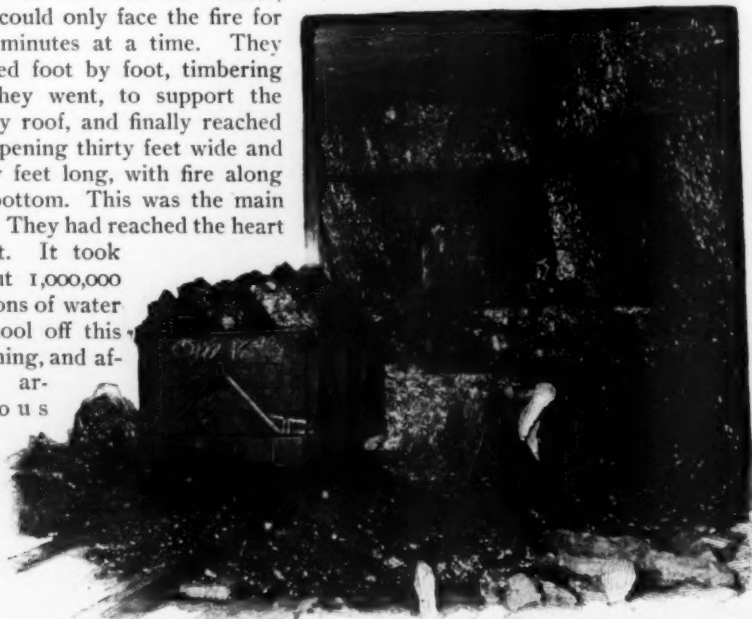
THE GREAT
BULL PUMP.

A GANG OF EXPERT FIGHTERS READY TO DESCEND
THE SHAFT.

tive, and the pipes and fittings were destroyed so rapidly that machinists had to replace them every three or four days. To confine the fire, a line of six-inch holes, ten to fifteen feet apart and thirty-nine in number, were drilled from the surface, and these were constantly filled with salt culm. This process surrounded the fire with the heavy, wet culm, which would not burn, and in this way the spreading of the fire was partially prevented. An air-tight headhouse was built, and a high speed force fan, with a twenty-five-inch discharge pipe, was used to exert pressure on all sides against the fire gases and surround the firemen with fresh air. At intervals, when an opening in the slope was found, tanks containing from 45,000 to 60,000 gallons of water were emptied and flushed down the heading, filling it. This water percolated through from the roof to the bottom of the vein. The men were compelled to work on their knees, and could only face the fire for five minutes at a time. They gained foot by foot, timbering as they went, to support the shaky roof, and finally reached an opening thirty feet wide and sixty feet long, with fire along its bottom. This was the main fire. They had reached the heart of it. It took about 1,000,000 gallons of water to cool off this opening, and after ar-
duous

work the fire was finally quenched, although the roof retained its heat for four months afterward.

Another fire, remarkable for the novelty of the method by which it was extinguished, was at the No. 6 Shaft of the Pennsylvania Coal Company, at Pittston. It was in such a position that flooding the mine seemed the only way to successfully fight it. It was at so high a working, however, that the flooding of the No. 6 would necessitate flooding two adjoining and connected collieries, and the filling with water of workings extending over an area of two hundred acres, before the fire level could be reached. The magnitude of this task appalled the officials, and in their dilemma busy brains strove to find some way out of the difficulty. After many suggestions, all of which were deemed impractical, a plan was proposed that promised well. It was to build a big dam in the main slope lead-



THE FACE OF A CHAMBER IN A SIXTEEN-FOOT VEIN.

ing to the fire and block up various outlets until a waterway should be laid to the face of the fire. In the dam was placed a large trap door, opening toward the fire, and held shut by four heavy chains extending to the surface. The slope was then filled with as much water as it would hold—about 200,000 gallons—the trap door was opened and the water rushed like a cataract down the slope, and, carried by its own momentum, washed over the fire, and then trickled back through it, attacking both the top and the base. The dam was filled and discharged every twelve or fifteen hours, and this was continued until the fire was so subdued that workmen could go up to it, dig away the burning coal and rock until they completely surrounded it, and then fight it effectively with hand hose. In this way, in six weeks, a fire was extinguished that would have taken a year or more to put out by the ordinary process of flooding.

This same plan has been used with success in other mines where the conditions allow it, but it is not often that these conditions exist.

This flood-gate was built entirely of timber, and was enormously strong. In the upper side, timbers thicker than a man's body supported the flood wall, and below the gate, where the flood started from scratch quicker than any champion sprinter, and raced to the fire, the walls were braced with 12 x 12 oaken beams.

The process of walling in a fire is simple in explanation. It is just what the term expresses. To the miner and mason, however, it means much more, for the walling in is an effort to exclude all air from the fire zone, and that in a much worked mine is not an easy task. All the openings leading to the fire are walled with masonry, sometimes several feet in thickness, for the great heat of the fire burns stone and mortar almost as readily as it does

coal. The walls are built as close to the fire as is deemed safe, and then, when the last block is put in its place, the fire is left to its fate. Sometimes it eats itself out, sometimes it burns for years. Often trap doors are left in the walls of masonry, and these can be opened to test the conditions inside readily. In this way the progress of the fire may be watched daily, if necessary.

The damage done by some of these great mine fires is enormous. They consume the massive timbers that support the roof and burrow their way into the pillars of coal and rock that are the joists and foundation walls of the workings. Then follows fall after fall, until gangway and chamber are blocked. A mass of fallen, splintered rock and coal in a gangway twenty-four feet high is no small obstacle in clearing up a mine after a disastrous fire, and it may take days to remove.

The rush of floods that are sent sweeping down the slopes, as at the Hazleton and the Pittston fires, tears up the rails and crushes down the props as if a cyclone had swept along the tunnels. In some mines the rails have been twisted into loops as if they were string, ties thrown about like jack straws, and the heat of the fire and the weight of the flood have done what a hundred horse-power engine could not have accomplished. The removal of this debris and the repair of the damage takes weeks of hard work.

The destruction is not confined to the interior of the mines either, as numerous ghastly holes on the surface indicate. The burning of the pillars and the props, allowing the falls of roof, reaches up like the mighty arm of a giant destroyer to the surface, hundreds of feet above, and the fall that carries down the roof sucks in the surface. Sometimes houses are engulfed; sometimes whole villages are threatened; sometimes streets disappear.



"THE MEN COULD ONLY WORK IN RELAYS OF FIFTEEN MINUTES DURATION."

Drawn by Frank Adams.

There is now a prosperous mining village of four thousand residents, not more than five hours' ride from New York, that is threatened with enormous damage at any hour. Underneath it the fire-swept mine is liable to cave in, and when it does, streets and houses will be carried down, perhaps only a few feet, perhaps many. The residents and the owners of property who are not residents, are waiting. There is no way to avoid what threatens, and they cannot move real estate. But the cases where towns and houses are affected are in the minority; most of the cave holes are in the black fields of scrawny woods that surround the mining villages, and the man who walks them on a dark night, unfamiliar with their many turning paths, may descend rapidly, before he has gone far, to an unpleasant depth. Sometimes these cave-ins are over a vein of quicksand, and then it seems as if the surface will never stop shuffling downward into the hungry mine. One over a quicksand was started near the threatened town not long ago; it kept sliding and sliding until it was eager to take down all the field. Three hundred feet below, the fire had eaten out the pillars, and the cave-in followed. Wagon loads of hay and straw were emptied into the hole, only to disappear in the capacious maw, until, at last, the long-looked-for foundation was formed, and then slowly the cave stopped. But there the hole is, a bleak, yawning, greedy thing, that is constantly nibbling at the edges of the field. It is only one of the many thousands which make large tracts in the mining district look as if the dread small-pox had pitted the face of Mother Earth.

Fortunate it is that the laws and the wisdom of the owners declare that a mine shall have more than one opening, or, as in the early days of mining,

a fire might not only cut off from the surface many gallant workers, but it would frequently be so near the one opening that a fight against its ravages would be impossible. Few are the fires nowadays that cannot be attacked from more than one side. Many a manway had been found of service to the escaping miner and the gallant fire-fighter, and for the long stretches of hose or pipe that carry the water into the mines. These manways are small slopes driven along the pitch of the vein, if possible, and usually at the extremity of the workings farthest from the main entrance. They are a sort of back door to the mine. Entering, one scrambles down into perpetual twilight that quickly deepens into the blackness of darkest night, and there the flaring mine lamps look like shifting stars, and throw a fitful gleam on dark openings and jagged roof.

The brave, resolute men who fight the fires; the giant bull pumps that force the water into the mine; the great engines and the mighty drums that hoist and lower those who go into the dark depths, are magnificent in their strength. The men are not unlike the machines, obeying implicitly the orders of the power that controls them; taking their lives in their hands with far less thought than they carry their dinner buckets; fighting as earnestly and as stubbornly against seemingly overwhelming odds as the pumps propel their millions of gallons in apparently unending endeavor. Uncomplaining, eager, they give their aid in the mighty cause of the world's progress, "unknown, unhonored and unsung." They face dangers that to the red-shirted and helmeted fire laddies of the cities are unknown. Fires, floods, falls, suffocation threaten them each moment, but they work on without hesitation, content in doing good work and in earning their \$2.25 or \$2.50 a day.

CROSS WAYS.

BY EDEN PHILPOTTS, AUTHOR OF "CHILDREN OF THE MIST," ETC.



"A LITTLE FINGERLING FISH GASPED OUT ITS LIFE UNDER HIS ADMIRING EYES."

Drawn by Margaret Fernie

I.

THERE is a desolation that no natural scene has power to invoke. The labor of time's thousand forces upon nature's face awakens awe before their enduring record, but conjures no sense of sorrow. High mountains, huge waste places and rivers calling shall make us feel small enough, not sad; but cast into such vast theater some stone that marks a man's grave, some ruined aboriginal hut, or hypaethral meeting-place, some roofless cottage, or other deserted human home, and emotions rise to accentuate the scene. Henceforth the desert is peopled with ghosts of men and women long dust; and their hopes and activities, their triumphs and

griefs glimmer out of dream pictures and tune the beholder to a sentiment of mournfulness.

Such a scene on a scale unusually spacious may be found in the central waste and fastness of Devon. Upon Dartmoor, where peat marshes stretch, all ribbed with black peat cuttings, between the arms of Dart, where Higher White Tor rises northward and the jagged summits of lesser peaks slope southerly to Crockern—the Stannator's court-house in Elizabeth's reign—there lies a strange congeries of modern buildings rotting into dust and rust at the song of a stream. Even the lonely grove of fir and larch that shields these ruins is similarly passing to decay; but many trees still flourish there, and under the shadows of them, or upon the banks of the Cherry-brook that winds in the midst and babbles its way to the mother-river, stand the scattered remains of a considerable factory. Now only a snipe drums or a plover mews plaintively where some short years ago was great hum and stir of business and a colony of men engaged upon most dangerous toil. Rows of white-washed buildings still peep from the dark grove or stud those undulating hillocks that tend moorwards beyond it. Tall gray chimneys rise here and there, and between certain shattered buildings, linking the same together, great water-wheels appear. These from their deep abodes thrust forth shattered spokes and crooked limbs and claws. They slumber half in gloom, like fossil monsters partially revealed. Deep from their dilapidated jaws gleams up the slime of unclean creatures; moss hides the masses of their putrified bones; huge liver-worts and hart's-tongue ferns clothe their decay, loll from their cracks and clefts and thrive in the eter-

nal twilight beneath them. Once twin pairs of grinders turned here, and the aspect of these is even more uncouth than that of the water-wheels that drove them. Their roofs are blown away and the rollers beneath are cased in rust and moss. Willows and grasses and the flowers of the waste flourish above their ruins; broom, dock, rush, choke the old watercourses; ranunculus mantles the stagnant pools that remain; and all is chaos, wreck and collapse. For here spreads the scene of a human failure, the grave of an unsuccessful enterprise. Its secret may still be read in dank strips of old proclamations hanging upon notice-boards within the ruins, and telling that men made gunpowder here; but those precautions necessary to establish the factory upon a site remote from any populous district, indirectly achieved its ruin. Profits were swallowed by the cost of carriage from a situation so inaccessible; and probably dynamite also arose with augmented strength to lessen the value of powder. Yet, while this latter explosive has superseded the other for many uses, gunpowder still holds its own where certain minerals are concerned. The gelatine smashes like a fiend; our old blasting powder rips like a workman, and consequently breaks out valuable stone to better purpose.

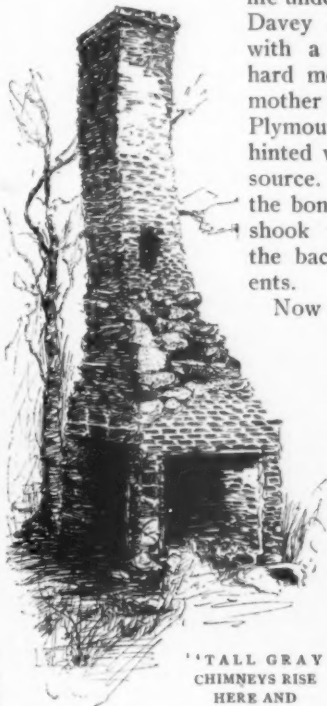
In the gloaming of an autumn day one living thing only moved amid the ruins of the old powder mills, and he felt no emotion in the presence of that scene, for it was the playground of his

life; his eyes had opened within a few score yards of it. Young David Dacombe knew every hole and corner of the various workshops, and had different goblin names for the quaint tools still lumbering many a rotting floor and the massive machinery, left as not worth cost of removal. Mystery lurked in countless dark recesses, and Davey had made his secret discoveries, too—tremendous, treasured wonders hidden within the labyrinths of the old mills and shared by none.

But at this moment all things were forgotten before a supreme and new experience. The boy had just caught his first trout, and a little fingerling fish now flapped and gasped out its life under his admiring eyes. Davey was a plain child, with a narrow brow and hard mouth. Through his mother he came out of old Plymouth stock that rumor hinted was poisoned at the source. "What be bred in the bone—" folks said, and shook their heads behind the backs of Davey's parents.

Now he smelt the trout, patted it, chuckled over his capture, then, casting down an osier rod, with its hook and a disgorged worm half way up the gut, he prepared to rush home and display his triumph to his mother. As he climbed up from the stream and reached a little bridge that crossed it, his

small face puckered into a fear, for he heard himself called harshly and felt little love for the speaker.



"TALL GRAY
CHIMNEYS RISE
HERE AND
THERE."

Drawn by Margaret Fernie.

Out of the deepening gloom under the fir trees a young man appeared with a gun under his arm.

"Be that you, Davey, an' did I see a rod? If so, I'll break it in pieces, I warn 'e. Fishin' season ended last Saturday, an' here's the keeper's awn brother poachin'. A nice thing!"

"Oh, Dick! I've caught one! First ever I really caught. Won't mother be brave an' glad to eat un? Ban't very big, but a real trout. I be just takin' it along home."

"You'll do no such thing, you little rascal! Give it up to me this instant moment, or else I'll make you."

Richard Dacombe approached and towered over his brother. It was easy to see that they were near of kin.

"Please, Dick—just this wance. 'Tis awnly a li'l tiny fish—first ever I took, too. An' I swear I'll not feesh no more—honor bright. Please—mother never won't believe I've ack-shually caught one if her don't see it."

"Give it to me, or I'll take it, I tell you, you dirty little thief!"

Davey's lip went down.

"'Tis a damn cruel shame. You'm always against me. I wish you was dead, I do. I never knawed a chap in all my days what have got such a beast of a brother as I have."

"Give up that feesh, else I'll throw you in the river, you lazy li'l good-for-nought!"

"You'm a great bully——" began the boy; then he fell upon a happy thought and braced himself to sacrifice his most treasured secret. To let it go into his brother's keeping was bad, but anything seemed better than that his first trout should be lost to him.

"Look 'e here, Richard," he said, "will 'e let me keep this feesh if I tell 'e something terrible coorious 'bout these auld mills?"

The keeper laughed sourly.

"A lot more you'm likely to knaw 'bout 'em than I do!"

"Ess fay, I do. 'Tis a wonnerful secret, as I found out all to myself an' never yet told to a single soul. It comes in my games—my Robinson Crusoe game—but I never play that wi' any other chap—not even they Bassett bwoys from Postbridge. I be only living soul as knaws; an' I'll tell you if you'll let me keep my feesh."

"What's this 'mazin secret then?"

"You'll swear?"

"Ess, if the thing be any good."

"Good! I should just reckon 'twas good. Come an' see for yourself—I was awful 'feared at first. Now I doan't care nothin', an' many a time I've took great bits, an' lighted 'em, an' seen 'em go off, 'pouf!'"

He led the way to a low building with a dull red roof. It was windowless, but had a door that swung at the will of the wind. This erection was lined inside with matchboarding, and it contained a board of regulations that prohibited all metal within the shed. Even a nail in a boot was unlawful.

"'Tis Number Four Case House—used once for storing powder," said Richard Dacombe; "that's a pile of sulphur theer in the corner."

"Ess, but theer's more'n you can see, Dick. Look here. Another floor lies under this, though nobody minded that, I reckon, else they'd have took what's theer."

Davey moved two boards, and beneath them—dry and sound as when there deposited—he revealed some tons of black blasting powder. His brother started, swore in sudden concern, hastened from the building, and, taking his pipe out of his mouth, carefully extinguished it. Then he returned and accosted Davey.

"Why didn't you tell me about this before, you little fool?"

"Why for should I? 'Twas my great secret. But you'll not let it out. If chaps comed to hear, they'd steal every atom for blasting the moor stone."

This Richard knew very well.

"I'll dumb, and mind that you are," he said. "And no more playing games with gunpowder. You might have blown the whole country-side to glory. Keep away in future. If I catch you within a hundred yards of this case house, I'll lather you."

"Finding be keeping," answered Davey, indignantly.

"Perhaps 'tis; an' might be right. You've heard me. That powder's mine henceforth."

Davey knew his brother pretty well, but such injustice made him gasp. His small brains worked quickly, and remembering that Richard's business on the rabbit warren took him far from the powder mills, the boy held his peace.

This silence, however, angered the bully more than words. They moved homeward together, and the elder spoke again.

"Now you can just fork out that trout, and be quick about it."

"You promised on your honor," cried Davey.

"Promises don't hold wi' young poachers."

They were walking from the valley to their home, and the younger, seeing the farmhouse door not two hundred yards distant, made a sudden bolt in hope to reach his mother and safety before Dick could overtake him; but the man's long legs soon caught up with Davey. He was collared and violently flung to the ground.

"Would you, you whelp?"

A blow upon the side of the head dazed the child, and before he could recover or resist, his brother had thrust



"JANE."

Drawn by Margaret Fernie.

a rough hand into Davey's pocket, dragged therefrom the little trout, and stamped it to pulp under his heel.

"There; now you go home along in front of me, you young dog. I'll teach you!"

The boy stood up, muddy, dishevelled, shaking with rage. His eyes shone redly in the setting sunlight; he clenched his little fists and his frame shook.

"Wait!" he said slowly, with passion strong enough for the moment to

arrest his tears. "Wait till I be grawed up. Then 'twill be my turn, an' I'll do 'e all the ill ever I can. You'm a cowardly, cruel devil to me always, an' I swear I'll pay you back first instant I be strong enough to do it!"

"Get in the house and shut your rabbit-mouth, or I'll give 'e something to swear for," answered the keeper.

Then his great loss settled heavily upon Davey's soul, and he wept and went home to his mother.

II.

Richard Dacombe visited the little bridge over Cherry-brook yet again after his supper, and in a different mood, beside a different companion, he sat upon the granite parapet. Darkness, fretted with white moonlight, was under the fir trees; the Moor stretched dimly to the hills in one wan, featureless waste; an owl cried from the wood, and like a ghost one shattered gray chimney towered over the desolation. Quaint black ruins, like humpbacked giants, dotted the immediate distance, and the river twinkled and murmured under the moon, while Dick's pipe glowed and a girl's soft voice sounded at his elbow.

"Sweetheart," she said, "why be you so hard with Davey?"

"Leave that, Jane," he answered. "'Tis mother has been at you—as if I didn't know. Little twoad's all the better for licking."

"He's so small and you'm so big. He do hate you cruel, an' your mother's sore driven between you."

"Mother's soft. The child would grow up a dolt if 'twasn't for me."

"Yet you had no brother to wallop you, Dick."

"Faither was theer, wasn't he? I call to mind his heavy hand and always shall. But if you mean I be a dolt, say it."

"Us all knaw you'm cleverest man

this side of Plymouth."

"Drop it then, an' tell of something different."

Jane Stanberry did as she was bid; her arms went round Dick's neck and her lips were pressed against his face. To the girl he represented her greatest experience. Orphaned as a tender child, she had come to Cross Ways farm in the lonely valley of the powder mills, and there dwelt henceforth with her mother's kinswoman, Mary Dacombe.

The establishment was small, and a larger company had not found means to subsist upon the hungry newtakes and scanty picture-lands of Cross Ways. Jonathan Dacombe and his wife, with two hinds, here pursued the hard business of living. Richard was in private service as keeper of White Tor rabbit warren, distant a few miles from his home; and he divided his time between the farm and a little hut of a single chamber perched in the lonely scene of his occupation. Of other children the Dacombes had none living save Davey, though two daughters and another son entered into life at Cross Ways, pined through brief years there, and so departed. The churchyard, as Jonathan Dacombe cynically declared, had been a good friend to him.

Jane was a deep-breasted, rough-haired girl of eighteen. She possessed pale blue eyes, a general large-featured comeliness, and a simple, light-hearted nature that took life without complaining; and she held herself much blessed in the affection of her cousin Richard. Talk of marriage for them was in the air, but it depended upon an increase of wage for Dick, and his master seemed little disposed to generosity.

The bridge by night was a favorite meeting and parting place for the lovers, because young Dacombe's work in late autumn took him much upon the Moor after nightfall. The

time of trapping was come, and his copper wires glimmered by the hundred along those faintly-marked rabbit runs familiar to experienced eyes alone. These he tended from dusk till dawn, and slept between the intervals of his labor within the little hut already mentioned.

A topic more entertaining than the child Davey now arose, and Jane, whose spirit was romantic with a sort of romance not bred of her wild home, speculated upon a coming event that promised some escape from the daily monotony of life at Cross Ways.

"To-morrow he'll actually come," she said. "I've put the finishing touches to his room to-day. What will he be like, Dick?"

"I mind the chap a few years back—along playing football to Tavistock. A well set-up youth, 'bout my size, or maybe bigger in the bone. An' he could play football, no doubt. In fact, a great hand at sporting of all sorts; but work—not likely. Why for should he? He'll have oceans of money when his father dies."

"Your mother reckons 'tis all moonshine 'bout his coming to Cross Ways to learn farming. She says that he'm sent here to keep him out of mischief—for same reason as powder-mills was set here, 'cause 'pon Dartmoor the Dowl's self would be hard put to it to make trouble. He'll ride about an' hunt an' shoot, for sartain. But he won't never take sensible to work—so your mother reckons."

"Maybe he won't; but father be going to get two pound a week by him; so what he does ban't no great odds so long as he bides."

"Would you call him a gen'leman?"

"Gentle is as gentle does. Us shall see."

"Wi' book-larnin', no doubt?"

"Little enough, I fancy. Nought but a fool goes farmin' in these days."

"Yet 'tis our hope, I'm sure," ob-

jected Jane. "Please God, Dick, us will be able to take a little farm down in the country some day, won't us?"

"In the country, yes; but not 'pon this wilderness."

There was silence between them again, while the owl hooted and the river scattered silver in the rushes and babbled against the granite bridge.

"Wonder what color the chap's eyes be, Dick?"

"They'll be black if I hear much more about him," he answered shortly. "For I'll darken both first day he comes here—just to show how we stand."

"You're jealous afore you've seed him!"

"An' you're a blamed sight too curious to see him. Best drop him. He won't be nought to you, I s'pose?"

"How can you be so sharp, Dick? Ban't it natural a gal what leads such a wisht life as me should think twice of a new face—an' a gen'leman, too?"

"Anthony Maybridge have got one enemy afore he shows his nose here; and you're to thank for it."

Jane laughed.

"Then I know what to expect when we'm married, I s'pose. But no call for you to be afeard. If he was so butivul as Angel Gabriel he'd be nought to me. Kiss me same as I kissed you just now."

But Dick was troubled. His clay pipe also drew ill, and he dashed it into the water.

"Damn kissing," he said; "I'm sick of it. Get home an' let me go to work."

"The young man will like you better than me, when all's said, dear heart; for you'll give him best sport of anybody in these parts."

He grunted and left her without more words, while she, familiar with his sulky moods, showed no particular regret. To the hills he strode away and the misty marshes swallowed up

sight of him, while he threaded his road through the bogs, climbed great stony slopes under the hill-top and reached his warren. But bad fortune stuck close to Richard that night, for of two fine rabbits snared since sundown, nothing remained but the heads.

Foxes, however, are sacred upon Dartmoor, even in the warrens; though if evil language could have hurt them, it must have gone ill with a vixen and five brave cubs, whose home was hard by in the granite bosom of White Tor.

III.

Anthony Maybridge arrived at Cross Ways, and amongst the various items of his luggage he was only concerned for his gun-case. Mrs. Dacombe greeted the youth with old-time courtesy, and her husband soon perceived that the newcomer would be a pupil in little more than name. Anthony indeed made an energetic start, and for the space of a full week resolutely dogged the farmer's footsteps; but his enterprise sprang from a whim rather than a fixed enthusiasm. On the spur of the moment, before various alternatives, he had decided upon farming, but the impulse towards that life waned, and in a month the lad found Richard Dacombe's society much more congenial than that of his taciturn parent. Good store of snipe and plover were now upon the Moor, and they drew young Maybridge more surely than the business of manuring hay lands, or getting in the mangel-wurzel crop. With Dick, indeed, he struck into close fellowship, founded on the sound basis of the gun; and with Jane Stanberry he also became more friendly than anybody but herself was aware. Socially, Maybridge stood separated from his host by the accident of success alone. Dacombe and Anthony's father were old acquaintances, and the latter, a prosperous nurseryman at Tavistock, sometimes fell

in with his friend when the hounds met at the powder-mills.

The boy found Jane sympathetic, and being possessed of a warm heart but no intellect to name, he soon revealed to her the true cause of his present life and temporary banishment from home.

"If you can believe it," he said when she met him returning from a day with the snipe in the bogs—"if you can believe it, I shall be surprised. I always thought a man ought to look up to women as the soul of truth and all that. I was engaged—secretly; and there was another chap I hardly knew by sight even; and that girl was playing with me—like you play with a hooked fish, the only difference being she didn't want to land me. In fact, I was the bait, if you understand such a blackguard thing, and she fished with me and caught the other chap. I could mention names, but what's the use?"

"How horrid," said Jane. "I'm sure I'd very much rather not know who 'twas."

"Well, anyway the other chap took the bait. And the moment she'd got him she threw me over. *After we were engaged*, mind you! And the rum thing is, looking at it from a mere worldly point of view, that I shall be worth tons more money than that chap ever will be."

"She didn't really care about you, then."

"I suppose not, though I would have taken my dying oath she did. And after the frightful blow of being chucked, I tried to hide the effect, but couldn't, owing to going right off my feed—especially breakfasts. My mother spotted that and taxed me with being ill—a thing I never have been in my life. So I had to confess to her what a frightful trial I'd been through, and she told the governor."

"I'm sure they must have been very sad about it, for your sake."



"SWEETEST,"
SHE SAID, "WHY
BE YOU SO HARD
WITH DAVEY?"

*Drawn by
Margaret Fernie.*

"Not half as much as you would have thought; though many chaps have gone into a consumption of the lungs for less. But it came as a bit of a shock to my people, because, you see, I'd never mentioned it and—well, the girl was in a tobacconist's shop, and my governor hates tobacco, which made it worse, though very unfair it

should. Anyway, it shows what girls are."

"And shows what fathers are, seemingly."

"Yes, though how my governor, whose grandfather himself went out working in other people's gardens, could object to a girl who had pluck enough to earn her own liv-



"ANTHONY MADE AN ENERGETIC START."

Drawn by Margaret Fernie.

Why, it's contrary to human nature, I should think," declared the ingenuous Anthony; but Jane Stanberry did not reply; she had reached a point in her own experience of life that indicated the possibility of such a circumstance.

ing, I don't know. I had a furious row about it, until he pointed out that, as she had chucked me, it was not much good having a quarrel with him about her, which was true. Nobody but you has really understood what a knock-down thing it was. I'm an atheist now—simply owing to that woman. I don't believe in a single thing. I said all girls were the same till I met you. Still, I feel as bitter as a lemon when I think much about it. But you're different, I can see that."

"You'll feel happier come presently."

"I am happier already—in a way, because I find all women are not like that. You and Mrs. Dacombe have done me a lot of good, especially you."

"Sure I be gay and proud to think so," said Jane.

"To promise and then change!

Young Maybridge was pleasant to see, and, as cynical chance would have it, his gifts, both physical and mental, were of a sort to shine conspicuous from the only contrast at hand. Dick Dacombe had a face of true Celtic cast, that might have been handsome, but was spoiled by an expression generally surly and always mean. His character became more distrustful and aggressive as he grew older, and the suspicious nature of him looked specially ill before Anthony's frankness and simplicity. The latter was fair, with open, Saxon type of countenance. His good temper overcame all Richard's jealousy from the first, but the keeper envied Anthony's extra inch and a half of height and greater weight of shoulder, though he himself was the closer knit of the two.

For a period of weeks all went well between the young men, and their increasing intimacy argued ill for Anthony's progress towards practical knowledge in agriculture. This Jonathan Dacombe understood, but held it no concern of his. It happened that the farmer came home one day just in time to see his son and his pupil departing from Cross Ways together. An expression of contempt touched with slight amusement lighted his gray face, and he turned to Jane Stanberry, who stood at the door.

"Like the seed 'pon stony ground," he said. "Come up wi' a fine blade an' full o' nature, then withered away, 'cause there wasn't no good holding stuff behind. A farmer! However, there's no call he should be. He'm here to learn to forget, not to farm."

"He is forgetting so fast as he can," declared the girl. "He's got nought to say now-a-days 'bout the wickedness of women and such like, an' he went to church wi' mother an' me essterday to Postbridge, an' singed the psalms an' hymns wi' a fine appetite, I'm sure. His voice be so deep as a cow when he uplifts it."

"I reckon he'm getting over his trouble too quick for my liking," answered Mr. Dacombe. "My bird will be off some fine mornin' when shooting be over and their's nought more for him to kill."

Meantime, while Jane spoke with admiration of Anthony's good qualities and Richard's mother heard her indignantly, the young man himself was similarly angering another member of the Dacombe family. Now he stood with Dick upon the lofty crown of Higher White Tor, and watched a flock of golden plover newly come to their winter quarters from some northern home. They flew and cried at a great height above the marshes, wheeled and warped in the clear blue of a December sky; and when simul-

taneously they turned, there was a flash as of a hundred little stars, where the sunlight touched the plumage of their breasts and under-wings. But they were bound for a region beyond the range of the sportsmen who watched them; soon, indeed, the birds dwindled into dots, that made a great V upon the sky; and as they flew, they constantly renewed that figure.

"Pity!" said Anthony. "Off to the middle of the Moor. Haven't got a shot at a golden plover yet. Miss Jane's favorite bird, too, so she says."

"No call for you to trouble about that. If she eats all I've shot for her, she'll do very well."

"You are a lucky devil, Dick."

"That's as may be."

"Always the way with chaps like you who never had anything to do but ask and get 'yes' for an answer. You don't know when you're well off in these parts."

Richard laughed without much merriment.



"MOTHER."

Drawn by Margaret Fernic.

"There's so good fish in the sea as ever come out of it," he said. "I'd not break my heart for any girl."

"A chap in love to say such a cold-blooded thing!"

"We're not all froth and splutter, like you."

"Nor yet ice, like you, I should hope. You're engaged to the prettiest girl I've ever seen in my life, and the best; and you take it as if it was your right instead of your frightfully good luck. It's only because you don't know the world that you are so infernally complacent about her, Richard. If you knew all that I do——"

The other sneered in a tone of levity.

"A wonnerful lady's man you—by all accounts. But don't think I'm afeared of you. Might have been jealous afore you comed—not since."

Anthony grew red as the dead asphodel foliage under his feet in the bogs.

"That's as much as to say I'm a fool."

"Why so? It's as much as to say you're honest—that's all."

"That wasn't what you meant when you spoke. You were laughing because you know you are sharper than I am. You may be, but you're not sharp enough to know your luck. You've told me pretty plainly what I am; now I'll tell you what you are—a good shot and a good sportsman all around, but no other good that I can see. You think a jolly sight too much of yourself to make a good husband, anyway. If Jane realized——"

"Mind your awn business!" thundered out the other, "and keep her name off your tongue henceforward. D' you think I don't know her a million times better than you do? D' you think us wants lessons from you after all these years—you——"

"I can make you angry, then, though I am a born fool?"

"Yes, you can; an' you damn soon will if you'm not more careful of your speech. I don't want to take law in my own hands, and give you a good thrashing; but that I'll do if you touch that matter again. Who are you to tell me my duty to my gal?"

"As to what you'll do or won't do," answered Maybridge, growing rosy again, "there's two sides to that. I'd have asked you to box weeks ago, only I'm taller and heavier, and I thought you would think it unsportsmanlike. But now—when you please. And as for Miss Jane, I shall speak to her, and see her, and go to church with her just as often as she'll let me, without asking leave from you or anybody. So now you know."

Anthony swung off over the Moor, and Richard, pursuing the way to his hut on the shoulder of the Tor, let the other depart unanswered. This sudden and unexpected breach rather pleased the keeper. He had always held Anthony to be a fool, and the fact seemed now proved beyond further dispute. It was not until he had lived through the loneliness of a long day and night upon the warren that the young man viewed his situation differently. Then three harpies—wrath, indignation and a natural jealousy—sprang full-fledged into being, and drove him home before them.

As for Maybridge, smarting under a sense of insult and a worse sense that he was not acting very laudably, he strove to excuse himself to his conscience. He assured himself many times that Richard Dacombe was wholly unworthy of Jane Stanberry in every possible respect. And there came a day when he told her that he thought so.

(To be concluded in the July number.)

THE ROAD TO FRONTENAC.*

BY SAMUEL MERWIN.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIGHT AT LA GALLETTE.

Synopsis of previous chapters.—Time about 1787. Captain Daniel Menard had just returned to Quebec to enjoy his first holiday in seven years. Five years before he had been captured by the Onondagas, and winning their admiration by his stoicism under torture, had been adopted into the tribe. Of late his superior officer, had treacherously captured a party of friendly Indians, and Menard foresaw trouble. He was ill at ease therefore, when the Commandant ordered him to Frontenac with dispatches and requested him to act as escort to a noble young Frenchwoman who was obliged to go thither. Accompanied by the maiden, a Jesuit missionary, a dashing young officer of engineers, named Danton, and two canoemen, Menard set off up the river, not without grave misgivings. Furthermore, a sudden meeting with three strange Indians, who declared they belonged to the Mission, troubled him, and Menard grew increasingly anxious when he saw that Danton instead of attending to his duties neglected them to pay his addresses to the maid. Whether she returned his affection, he was not sure, but when one evening he was informed that the lieutenant proposed to elope with the girl, he knew that a climax was near.—THE EDITOR.

DANTON was lying on the ground, but he was not asleep. He looked up, at the sound of Menard's footsteps, and then, recognizing him, lowered his eyes again. The Captain hesitated.

"Danton," he said, finally, "I want you to tell me the truth of this affair."

The boy made no reply, and Menard, after a moment, sat upon a log.

"I have decided to do rather an unusual thing, Danton," he said slowly, "in offering to talk it over with you as a friend, and not as an officer. In one thing you must understand me; Mademoiselle St. Denis has been entrusted to my care, and until she has safely reached those who have a right to share the direction of her actions, I can allow nothing of this sort to go on. You must understand that. If you will talk with me frankly, it may be that I can be of service to you later on."

There was a silence. Finally Danton spoke, without raising his head.

"Is there any need of this, M'sieu? Is it not enough that she—that Mademoiselle dismisses me?"

"Oh," said Menard, "that is it?"

"Yes."

"You are sure of yourself, Danton; sure you have not made a mistake?"

"A mistake?" the boy looked up wildly. "I was—shall I tell you, M'sieu? I left the camp to-night with the thought that I should never go back."

Menard looked at him curiously.

"What did you plan to do?"

"I didn't know—I didn't know. Back to Montreal, perhaps, to the Iroquois; I don't care where."

"You did not bring your musket. It would hardly be safe."

"Safe!" There was weary contempt in the boy's voice. He sat up and made an effort to steady himself, leaning back upon his hands. "I should not say this. It was what I thought at first. I am past it now; I can think better. It was only your coming, when I first saw you, it came rushing back and I wanted to—Oh, what is the use! You cannot understand."

"And now?"

"Now, Captain, I ask for a release. Let me go back to Montreal."

* Begun in March, 1901.

"How would you go? You have no canoe."

"I will walk."

Menard shook his head.

"I am sorry," he said, "but it is too late. In the first place, you would never reach the city. There are scouting bands of Iroquois all along the river."

"So much the better, M'sieu, so—"

"Wait. That is only one reason. I cannot spare you. I have realized within the last day that I should have brought more men. The Iroquois know of our campaign; they are watching us. A small party like this is to their liking. I will tell you, Danton, we may have a close rub before we get to Frontenac. I wish I could help you, but I cannot. What reason could I give for sending you down the river to Montreal? You forget, boy, that we are not on our own pleasure; we are on the King's errand. For you to go now would be to take away one of our six fighting men, to imperil Mademoiselle. And that, I think," he looked keenly at Danton, "is not what you wish to do."

The boy's face was by turns set and working. He looked at Menard as if to speak, but got nothing out. At last he sprang to his feet and paced back and forth between the trees.

"What can I do?" he said, half to himself. "I can't stay! I can't see her every day, and hear her voice and sit with her at every meal. Why do you call yourself my friend? Why don't you help? Why don't you say something?"

"There are some things, Danton, that a man must fight out alone."

Danton turned away and stood looking over the river. Menard sat on the log and waited. They could hear the stirring of Colin, back at the camp, and the rustle of the low night breeze. They could almost hear the great silent rush of the river.

"Danton."

The boy half turned his head.

"You will stay here and play the man. You will go on with your duties, though if the old arrangement be too hard, I will be your master in the Iroquois study, leaving Mademoiselle to Father Claude. And now you must return to the camp and get what sleep you can. Heaven knows we may have little enough between here and Frontenac. Come!"

He got up and walked to the camp without looking around. Danton lingered until the Captain's tall figure was blending with the shadows of the forest, then he went after.

During the following day they got as far as the group of islands at the head of the Lake St. Francis. Wherever possible Menard was now selecting islands or narrow points for the camp, where, in case of a night attack, defence would be a simple problem for his few men. Also, each night, he had the men spread a circle of cut boughs around the camp at a little distance, so that none could approach without some slight noise. Another night saw the party at the foot of Petit Chesneaux, just above Pointe Maligne; in three days they had passed Rapide Flat, after toiling laboriously past the Long Sault. They were sober enough now.

They were passing a small island one morning, when Perrot gave a shout and stopped paddling.

"What is it?" asked Menard sharply.

Perrot pointed across a spit of land. In the other channel they could see a bateau, just disappearing behind a clump of trees, moving down stream. Menard headed about, and they skirted the foot of the island. Instead of a single bateau there were some half-dozen, drifting light down the river, with a score of *coureurs de bois* and *voyageurs* under the command of Du Peron, a bronzed lieutenant, and a sergeant. The lieutenant recognized Menard, and both parties landed while the two officers exchanged news.

"You will report at Montreal that we are safe at Rapide Flat," said Menard, after some conversation. "And if you find a *courier* going down to Quebec I wish you would send word to Major Provost that Mademoiselle St. Denis is well and in good spirits."

The Lieutenant looked curiously at the maid, who was walking with Father Claude, near the canoe.

"By the way, Menard," he said, "did you know that the Onondagas have a price on your head?"

Menard smiled. He was accustomed to rumors.

"We got word of it at Frontenac, before I left, from a converted Mohawk who is scouting for us. It is on account of that galley business. They are not likely to forget that."

"Don't they know the truth of it?"

"About La Grange, you mean? I doubt it. They seem to hang the worst of it on you. La Grange should not have butchered those women and children. He was drunk at the time, and the worst of it was done before d'Orvilliers got wind of it. It will be a long time before we can get back their confidence after that. I understood from our scout that there is a chief up here somewhere looking for you. I believe his son was taken to the galleys. He came to Frontenac as a missionary Indian, but got away before we suspected anything. That was some time ago."

"Do you know who he was?"

"Big fellow. Wears a rather noticeable collar of wampum."

"Does he call himself the Long Arrow?"

"Yes."

"I saw him. He had a good chance at me. I wonder why he didn't take it."

"Perhaps he will yet. You'd better take a few of my men with you."

Menard thought for a moment. "If you can spare two," he said, "I'll take them. I haven't room for more. That will make eight of us all told; and

Father Claude can fight on a pinch."

The two officers shook hands, and in a few moments were going their ways, Menard, with two rugged *voyageurs* added to his crew. That afternoon he passed the last rapid, and beached the canoe at La Gallette, thankful that nothing intervened between them and Fort Frontenac but a reach of still water and the twining channels of the Thousand Islands, where it would call for the sharpest eyes ever set in an Iroquois head to follow his movements.

They ate an early supper, and immediately afterward Father Claude slipped away. The maid wandered to the bank and found a mossy seat where she could watch the long rapid, with its driving, foaming current. The Captain set his men at work preparing the camp against attack. The recruits had swung thoroughly into the spirit of their work; one of them was already on guard a short way back in the woods. The other men were grouped in a cleared space, telling stories and singing.

Father Claude came hurriedly toward the fire, looking for Menard. His eyes glowed with enthusiasm.

"M'sieu," he said, in an eager voice, "Come, I have found it."

Menard looked puzzled, but the priest caught his arm and led him away.

"It came while we ate supper. The whole truth, the secret of allegory, flashed upon me. I have worked hard, and now it is done. Instead of leaving out the canoe, I have put it back, and have placed in it six warriors, three paddling toward the chapel, and three away from it. Over them hovers an angel,—a mere suggestion, a dim, light face, a diaphanous form, and outspread hands. Thus we symbolize the conflict in the savage mind at the first entrance of the Holy Word into their lives, with the blessed assurance that the Faith must triumph in the end."

At the last words, he stopped and drew Menard around to face the portrait of The Lily of the Onondagas, which was leaning against a stump.

"Is it too dark, M'sieu? See, I will bring it closer." He lifted the picture and held it close to Menard's eyes. He was trembling with the excitement of his inspiration.

"I should like to know, Father, where you have had this picture."

"It was in my bundle. I have—" For the first time he saw the sternness in Menard's face. His voice faltered.

"You did not leave it at Montreal."

Father Claude slowly lowered the canvas to the ground. The light had gone out of his eyes, and his face was white. Then suddenly his thin form straightened. "I had forgotten. It was M'sieu's order. See." He suddenly lifted the picture and whirled it over his head. "It shall go no farther. We will leave it here for the wolves and the crows and the pagan red men."

He dashed it down with all his strength, but Menard sprang forward and caught it on his outstretched arm. "No, Father," he said, "we will take it with us."

The priest smiled wearily, and lowered the picture to the ground, but when Menard said, "You have broken it," he raised it hastily and examined it. One corner of the wooden frame was loosened, but the canvas was not injured.

"I can mend it," he said.

"How is it that it was not spoiled in the capsak at Coteau des Cedres?" Menard asked.

"It was preserved by a miracle. This bundle did not leave the canoe."

The *voyageurs* still lounging in the clearing were laughing and talking noisily, and one of the transport men sang the opening strain of a ribald song. Menard strode over to the group so quickly that he took them by

surprise. Colin was slipping something behind him, but he could not escape Menard's eye. In a moment he was sprawling on his face, and a brandy flask was brought to light. Menard dashed it against a tree, and turned to the frightened men.

"Go to your blankets, every man of you. There are Iroquois on this river. You have already made enough noise to draw them from half a league distant. The next man that is caught drinking will be flogged." He thought of the maid, lying under her frail shelter, and added: "If it occurs twice he will be shot. Perrot I want you to join the sentry. From now on we shall have two men on guard all night. See that there is no mistake about this. At the slightest noise you will call me."

The men slunk to their blankets.

The night was black when Menard awoke, clouds had spread over the sky, hiding all but a strip in the west where a low line of stars peeped out. This strip was widening rapidly as the night breeze carried the clouds eastward. At a little distance some of the men were whispering together. A hand was feeling his arm, and a voice whispered.

"Quick, M'sieu! something has happened!"

"Is that you, Colin?"

"Yes. Guerin was on guard with me, and he fell. I thought I heard an arrow, but could not be sure. I looked for him after I heard him fall, but could not find him in the dark."

Menard sprang to his feet, with his musket, which had lain at his side every night since leaving Quebec.

"Where was Guerin, Colin?"

"Straight back from the river a few rods. He had spoken but a moment before. It must have told them where to shoot."

"Call the men, and draw them close in a circle." Menard felt his way toward the fire, where a few red embers showed dimly, and roused Danton,



"FOUND A MOSSY SEAT WHERE SHE COULD WATCH THE LONG RAPID."

Drawn by H. M. Eaton.

with a light touch and a whispered caution to be silent. Already he could hear the low stir of the *engagés* as they slipped towards the fire. He walked slowly toward the river, with one hand stretched out in front, looking for the canoe. It was closer than he supposed, and he stumbled over it, knocking one end off its support. The maid awoke with a gasp.

"Mademoiselle, silence!" he whispered, kneeling beside her. "I fear we are attacked. You must come with me." He had to say it twice before she could fully understand, and just then an arrow sang over them and struck a tree with a low *thut*. He suddenly rose and shouted: "Together, boys! They will be on us in a moment. Close in at the bank, and save your powder. Perrot, come here and help me with the canoe."

There was a burst of yells from the dark in answer to his call, and a few shots flashed. Danton was rallying the men, and calling to them to fall back, where they could take cover among the rocks and trees of the bank.

The maid was silent, but she reached out her hand, and Menard, catching her wrist, helped her to her feet and fairly carried her down the slope of the bank, laying her behind the tangled roots of a great oak. Already the sky was clearer, and the trees and men were beginning to take dim shape. The river rushed by, a deeper black than the sky and woods, with a few ghostly bits of white where the rapids began.

"Stay here," he whispered. "Don't move or speak. I shall not be far."

She clung to his hand in a dazed manner, but he gently drew his away and left her crouching on the ground.

The men were calling to one another as they dodged back from tree to tree toward the river, shooting only when a flash from the woods showed the position of an Indian. Some of them were laughing, and as Menard reached

the canoe Perrot broke out into a jeering song. It was clear that the attacking party was not strong. Probably they had not taken into account the double guard, relying on the death of the sentry to clear the way for a surprise.

"Perrot!" called the Captain, "Why don't you come here?"

The song stopped. There was a heavy noise as the *voyageur* came plunging through the bushes, drawing a shower of arrows and musket balls.

"Careful, Perrot, careful."

"They can't hit me," said Perrot, laughing. He stumbled against the Captain, stepped back and fell over the canoe, rolling and kicking. Menard sprang toward him and jerked him up. He smelled strongly of brandy.

The Captain swore under his breath. "Pick up your musket. Take hold of that canoe,—quick!"

Perrot was frightened by his stern words, and he succeeded in holding up an end of the canoe while Menard pushed it down the slope to the water's edge. They rushed back, and in a few trips got down most of the stores. By this time Perrot was sobering somewhat, and, with the Captain, he took his place in the line. The men were shooting more frequently now, and by their loose talk showed increasing recklessness. Calling to Danton, Menard finally made them understand his order to fall back. Before they reached the bank, Colin dropped, a ball through the head, and was dragged back by Danton.

They dropped behind logs and trees at the top of the slope. It began to look as if the red men were to get no closer, in spite of the drunken condition of all but one or two of the men. Though the night was now much brighter, they were in the shadow, and neither the Captain nor Danton observed that the brandy which the transport men had supplied was passing steadily from hand to hand. They

could not know that the boy Guerin lay on his back amid the attacking Onondagas, an arrow sticking upright in his breast, one hand lying across his musket, the other gripping a flask.

The maid had not moved. She could be easily seen now in the clearer light, and Menard went to her, feeling the need of giving her some work to occupy her mind during the long strain.

"Mademoiselle!"

She looked up. He could see that she was shivering.

"I must ask you to help me. We must get the canoe into the water. They will soon tire of the assault and withdraw; then it will be safe to take to the canoe. They cannot hurt you. We are protected by the bank."

He helped her to rise, and she bravely threw her weight on the canoe, which Menard could so easily have lifted alone, and stood at the edge of the beach passing him the bundles, which he, wading out, placed aboard. But suddenly he stopped, with an exclamation, peering into the canoe.

The maid, dreading each moment some new danger, asked in a dry voice, "What is it, M'sieu?"

For reply he seized the bundles, one at a time, and tossed them ashore, hauling the canoe after, and turning it over on the narrow beach. The maid stepped to his side. There was a gaping hole in the bark. She drew her breath quickly, and looked up at him.

"It was Perrot," he muttered; "that fool, Perrot." He stood looking at it, as if in doubt what to do. Up on the bank the men, Danton and Father Claude among them, were popping away at the rustling bushes. Suddenly he turned and gazed down at the maid's upturned face. "Mademoiselle," he said, "I do not think there is danger, but whatever happens you must keep close to me, or to Danton and Father Claude. It may be that there will be moments when we cannot

stop to explain to you as I am doing now, but you must trust us and believe that all will come out well. My men are not themselves to-night—"

He stopped. It was odd he should so talk to a maid while his men were fighting for their lives; but the Menard who had the safety of this slender girl in his hands was not the Menard of a hundred battles gone by. So he lingered, not knowing why, save that he hoped for some word from her lips of confidence in those who wished to protect her. And as he waited she smiled with trembling lips and said:

"It will come out well, M'sieu. I—I am not afraid."

Then Menard went up the bank with a bound, and finding one man already in a stupor, and another struggling for a flask, which Father Claude was trying to take away from him, he laid about him with his hard fists, and shortly had the drunkards as near to their senses as they were destined to be during the short space they had yet to live.

CHAPTER VII.

A COMPLIMENT FOR MENARD.

Colin and Guerin were dead, and one of the transport men lay in a drunken sleep; so that, including Menard, Danton and Father Claude, there were six men in the little half-circle that clung to the edge of the bank, shooting into the brush whenever a twig stirred or a musket flashed. "There are not many of them," said Menard to Danton, as they lay on their sides reloading. He listened to the whoops and barks in the interval between shots: "Not a score, all told."

"Will they come closer?"

"No. You won't catch an Iroquois risking his neck in an assault. They'll try to pick us off; but if we continue as strong as we are now, they are likely to draw off and try some other devilment, or wait for a better chance."

"Danton crept back to his log for another shot. Now that the sky was nearly free of clouds and the river was sparkling in the starlight, the Frenchmen could not raise their heads to shoot without exposing a dim silhouette to the aim of the Indian musket. Father Claude, who was loading and firing a long *arquebuse à croc*, had risen above this difficulty by heaping a pile of stones. Kneeling on the slope, a pace below the others, and resting the crutch of his piece in a hollow, he could shoot through a crevice with little chance of harm.

The maid came timidly up the bank, and touched Menard's arm.

"What is it, Mademoiselle? You must not come here. It is not safe."

"If I could have your knife—for one moment, M'sieu—"

"What do you want of a knife, child? It is best that you—" There was a fusillade from the brush, and his voice was lost in the uproar. "You must wait below, on the beach. They cannot get to you."

"It is the canoe, M'sieu. The cloth about the bales is stout,—I can sew it over the hole."

Menard looked at her, as she crouched by his side, her hair fallen about her face and shoulders, her hands grimy with the clay of the bank, clinging to a wandering root. She was still trembling with excitement, but her eyes were bright and eager. Without a word he drew his knife from its sheath and held it out. She took it and was down the slope with a light spring; while the Captain poked the muzzle of his musket through the leaves. As he drew it back, after firing, he caught a glimpse of Danton's face, turned toward him with a curious expression. The boy laughed nervously and wiped the sweat from his blackened forehead. "They don't give us much rest, Captain, do they?" Menard's reply was jerked out with the

strokes of his ramrod: "They will—before long—and we can—take to the canoe. We're letting them have all they want." He peered through the leaves, and fired quickly. A long shriek came from the darkness. Menard laughed. "There's one more gone."

The fight went on, slowly, wretchedly, shot for shot, Danton himself dragging up a bale of ammunition and serving it to the men. The maid, unaided, had overturned the canoe where it lay, and with quickened breath was pressing her needle through the tough bark. Danton lost the flint from his musket, and crept down the bank to set a new one. Suddenly he exclaimed, "There goes Perrot!"

The old *voyageur* had, in a fit of recklessness, raised his head for a long look about the woods. Now he was rolling down the slope toward the canoe and the maid, clutching weakly at roots and brushes as he passed. There was a dark spot on his forehead. Menard sprang after, and felt of his wrists; the pulse was fluttering out. He looked up, to see the maid dipping up water with her hollowed hands.

"It is no use, Mademoiselle. Is the canoe ready? We may need it soon."

She stood motionless, slowly shaking her head, and letting the water spill from her hands a drop at a time.

"Go back then. Do what you can with it." He hurried up the bank.

"Do you see what they are doing?" asked Danton.

"Playing the devil. Anything else?" The Lieutenant pointed to an arrow which was sticking in a tree beside him, slanting downward. "They are climbing trees. Listen. You can hear them talking, and calling down."

Menard listened closely, and shot at the sound, but with no result.

"We've got to stop this, Danton. I don't understand it. It isn't like the Iroquois to keep at it after a repulse. Tell Father Claude; he is shooting too



"HE LEFT HER CROUCHING ON THE GROUND."

Drawn by H. M. Eaton.

low." Menard glanced along the line at his men. The drunken transport man lay silent at his post; beyond him were his mate and one of the Montreal men, both of them reckless and frightened by turns, shooting aimlessly into the dark. The arrows were rattling down about them now. One grazed Father Claude's back as he stooped to take aim, and straightened him up with a jerk. A moment later a bullet rang close past Menard's head. He looked for the maid; she was sitting by the canoe, sewing, giving no heed to the arrows.

The Montreal man groaned softly, and flattened out, with an arrow slanting into the small of his back; which so unmanned the only other conscious *engagé* that he sank by him, sobbing, and trying to pull out the arrow with his hands. Menard sprang up.

"My God, Danton! Father Claude! This is massacre. My turn, eh?"

"What is it?" asked Danton.

For reply, Menard tore an arrow from the flesh of his forearm and dashed down the bank, musket in hand. The maid was tugging at the canoe, struggling to move it toward the water. She did not look up to see the yellow, crimson and green painted figures rise from the reeds that fringed the water but a few yards away; she did not hear the rush of moccasined feet on the gravel. Before she could turn she was seized and thrown to the ground, surrounded by the Indians, who were facing about hastily to meet Menard. The Captain came among them with a whirl of his musket that sent one warrior to the ground and dropped another, half stunned, across the canoe. Danton was at his heels, and Father Claude, fighting like demons with musket and knives.

"Quick, Mademoiselle; Menard lifted her as he spoke, and swung her behind him; and then the three were facing the group of howling, jumping

figures, which was increased rapidly by those who had followed the Frenchmen down the bank. "Come back here, Father. Protect the maid! They dare not attack you if you drop your musket! Loose your hold, Mademoiselle!" He caught roughly at the slender arms that held about his waist, parrying a knife stroke with his other hand. "They will kill you if you cling to me. Now, Danton! Never mind your arm. I have one too in the hand. Fight for the maid, and France!" Menard was shouting for sheer lust and frenzy of battle. "What is the matter with the devils? Why don't they shoot? God, Danton, they're coming at us with clubs!" He called out in the Iroquois tongue: "Come at us, cowards! Where are your bows, your muskets? Where is the valor of the Onondagas—of my brothers?"

The last words brought forth a chorus of jeers and yells. The two officers stood side by side at the water's edge. Behind them, knee-deep in the water, was Father Claude, holding the maid in his arms. The Indians seemed to draw together, still with that evident effort to take their game alive, for two tall chiefs were rushing about, cautioning the warriors. Then, of a sudden, the whole body came forward with a rush, and Menard, Danton, Father Claude, and the maid went down, the three men fighting and splashing until they lay, bound with thongs, on the beach.

Menard turned his head and saw that Danton lay close to him.

"Mademoiselle," he said; "what have they done with her?"

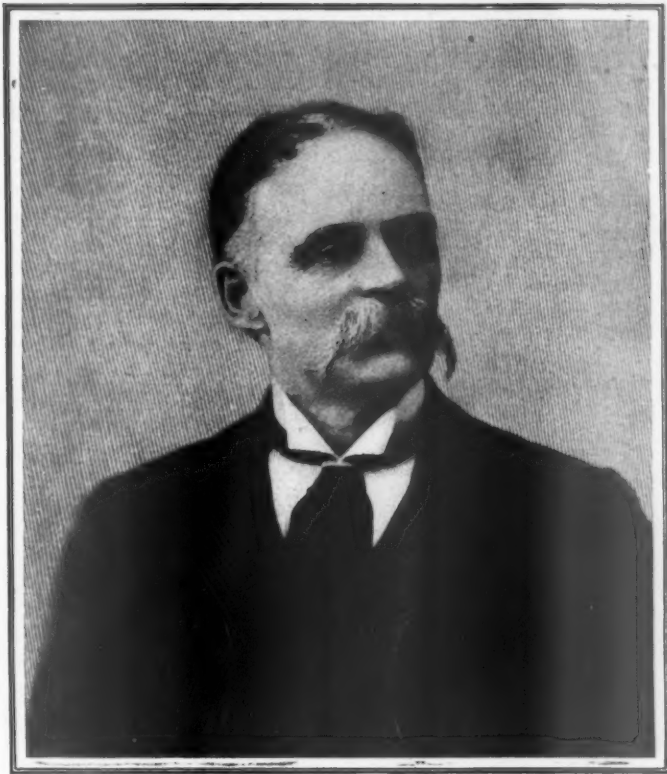
"She is here." The reply was in Father Claude's voice; it came from the farther side of Danton.

"Is she hurt?"

"No. They have bound her and me."

"Bound you!?" The Captain tried to sit up, but could not. "They would not do that, Father. It is a mistake."

(To be continued.)



J. EDWARD ADDICKS.

J. EDWARD ADDICKS—A POLITICAL METEOR.

By "BRANDYWINE."

BARDOLPH—My lord, do you see these meteors?

Do you behold these exhalations?

PRINCE HAL—I do.

BARDOLPH—What think you they portend?

PRINCE HAL—Hot livers and cold purses.

BARDOLPH—Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

PRINCE HAL—No, if rightly taken, halter.

—*I. Henry IV., ii. 4.*



JOHN EDWARD CHARLES O'SULLIVAN ADDICKS, better known as J. Edward Addicks, has for twelve years conducted a contest for a United States Senatorship in Delaware which is without any parallel in this country. If the story of his fight had been told in a

novel before his advent into the field of politics, the story would have failed miserably as fiction because it would have violated all probability. The cases of Quay in Pennsylvania, Clark in Montana and Addicks in Delaware are constantly held up as the strongest arguments for the election of Senators by popular vote; Quay and Clark are

striking examples of persistence and boldness, but Addicks has carried audacity to the highest pitch. Senator Quay has been a politician all his life; has devoted his energies and skill to the upbuilding of the machine which he dominates, and has maintained a friendship and alliance throughout his career with leading politicians of his state. Clark had for years conducted great mining enterprises in Montana, and had established political and business relations with the most important men of his state before he aspired to



WILLARD SAULSBURY—THE AGGRESSIVE DEMOCRATIC LEADER OF DELAWARE.

the Senatorship. When Addicks amazed Delaware by his appearance as a candidate, he had formed no business, social or political relations with Delawareans, was unknown to the people, and after the fashion of Canning's character, who said to a stranger, "A sudden thought strikes me—let us swear eternal friendship," he asked the state to make him a Senator. Wonder grows when it is con-

sidered that he has neither wit, eloquence, scholarship, knowledge of public affairs nor any skill in the superficial demagogic arts which oftentimes win the people, and that his only experience in public life when he stunned Delaware by his bold demand had been gained as promoter and manipulator of gas companies in piloting his schemes, sometimes amid great excitement, through City Councils and Legislatures. While Mr. Addicks is a person of no instruction in the statesman-like qualities, he has from the first been willing to spend money so freely that he has received the sobriquet of the "checkbook statesman" in Delaware, and his course in that state creating a following has been attended by a series of disgraceful episodes that constitute the greatest political scandal of the era

SENATORIAL TRAINING.

J. Edward Addicks was born in Philadelphia in 1841, and after a meager education, was successively clerk in a drygoods store, clerk in a flour store, flour merchant and real estate dealer. Later he went into the promotion of gas companies, and when, in 1885, after a tremendous struggle, he obtained a franchise from Boston's City Councils, permitting his Bay State Gas Company to lay mains in the streets, his fortune was made. Litigation in the courts in connection with his various gas companies has from time to time attracted attention in the world of speculation, but the people of Delaware knew nothing about the man when he first appeared in that state. In the election of 1888, the Republicans, for the first time in a generation, gained control of the Delaware Legislature, and there was spirited rivalry between several Republican leaders for the senatorship. The Legislature was to meet on the first Tuesday in January, 1889, and

balloting for the senatorship began on the 15th. The midnight train from Philadelphia carried to Dover, the capital, three men who appeared in the lobby of the Hotel Richardson between one and two o'clock in the morning of January 1, 1889. J. Edward Addicks, one of the party, was accompanied by two men from Boston, who introduced him to the newspaper men and the few loungers who happened to be loitering about at that time of night. All of the party were utter strangers to the town and everybody in it, but Addicks's companions later on during the same day continued the peculiar method of introducing him to the people of the town to whom Mr. Addicks announced that he was a Republican and Delawarean, living at Claymont, and that he was perfectly willing to be chosen senator in case the Legislature should find any difficulty in agreeing upon the names before it. He would not seek to stand in the way of those who had long labored for Republican success, but if rivalry should block the way to a choice, he wished to be considered in a receptive condition for the senatorship. He had arrived in New York from Europe, and hearing that there might be a deadlock, had come straight to Dover prepared to heal the breach. From one end of the state to the other, everybody wished to know who the man Addicks was, and what was his game. It was learned subsequently that Addicks was a millionaire gas speculator, and had a summer place at Claymont, Delaware, just over the Pennsylvania line, though he had a furnished house in Philadelphia, and spent his time chiefly in Philadelphia, New York and Boston. His candidacy for the Senate occasioned derision, amusement and some curiosity. Nobody believed he really hoped to become senator, but assumed that he had adopted a spectacular method of

advertising himself for some ulterior purpose, after the manner of liver-pad vendors, lightning-rod agents and other "nervy" purveyors of gold bricks in the rural districts.

A PERSONAL MACHINE.

Anthony Higgins, a reputable and brilliant Republican, was chosen senator, and Addicks then began the apparently hopeless task of building up a personal machine. In this work he has displayed a tenacity of purpose very much akin to the "unconquerable



STATE SENATOR J. FRANK ALLEN, AN ACTIVE
MANAGER OF THE ADDICKS FORCES.

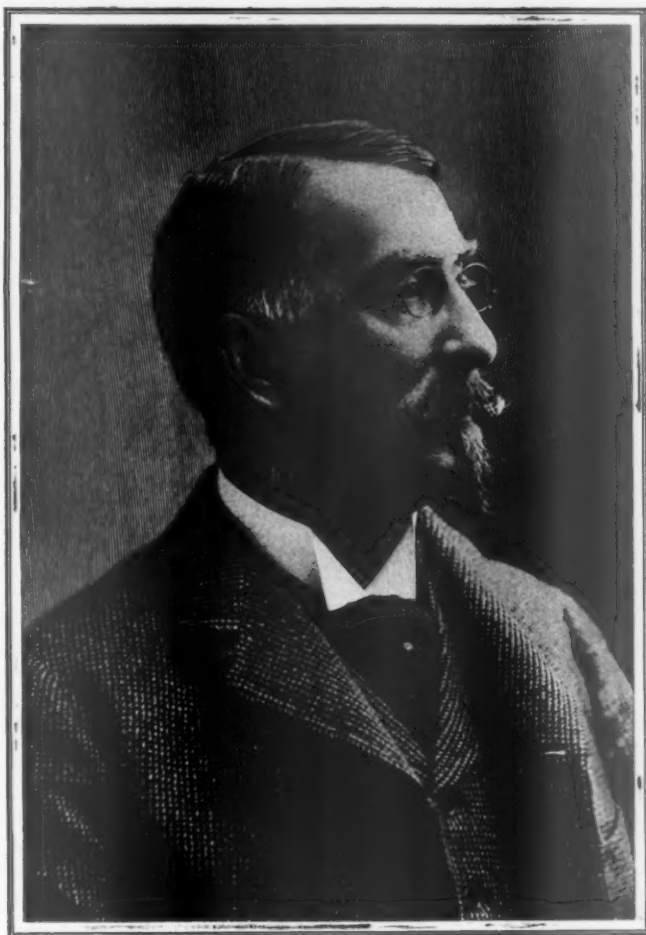
will" displayed by one of the chief characters in Milton's "Paradise Lost," and his opponents contend that his methods also have been truly satanic. The energies of himself and his lieutenants were directed chiefly against the two lower counties, Kent and Sussex, where the people are poor and have always been peculiarly susceptible to monetary appeals on election day. In 1890 no senator was to be chosen, and the Democrats con-

trolled the general assembly. In 1892, the Democrats won again and re-elected Senator George Gray to serve from March 4, 1893, to March 4, 1899. Before the elections of 1894 the Addicks men had made extraordinary exertions to elect members of the Legislature, and while the Addicks' movement had at first been regarded with contempt and amusement, the Republican leaders and the reputable people of the state began to look upon the adventurer's raid with hate and fear. It soon became apparent that persons supporting the Addicks movement improved their condition in life. Poor men who had struggled with mortgages, paid them off; poverty-stricken yokels began to wear patent leather shoes; small storekeepers branched out and seedy politicians with "hot livers and cold purses," whose credit with local butchers had "run down at the heel" long ago, began to live in luxury. Those who had no definite knowledge that corruption was practised believed the stories for the simple reason that there could be advanced no other rational reason why any intelligent man should vote for a man of Addicks's caliber.

THE "ADDICKS OR NOBODY" POLICY.

The test came in the Legislature in 1895, when Senator Higgins's successor was to be chosen. Under the old constitution, then in force, the Legislature had thirty members in joint session. The Republicans had nineteen, of which six were Addicks men. After balloting fruitlessly until May 8th, the day before the end of the session, Senator Higgins withdrew, and the Republican vote went to Henry A. DuPont, who possessed the confidence and esteem of the whole state. During the long struggle the Addicks members would vote for nobody except Addicks, but with the advent of DuPont, the pressure exerted to get them to withdraw from their

preposterous and obstinate position resulted in the desertion of an Addicksite to DuPont, giving him fourteen votes. During the session the Republican governor had died, and Senator Watson, Speaker of the Senate, relinquished his legislative functions on April 5th, and became acting governor, so that only fifteen votes were needed to elect a senator. On May 9th, the last day of the session, it became known that another Addicks man, influenced by denunciation of the "Addicks or nobody" policy, would vote for DuPont, and at this juncture, Acting-Governor Watson was prevailed upon, it is asserted, by Addicks personally, to resume his seat in the legislature, thus bringing the membership back to thirty and fixing the majority at sixteen. DuPont gained one more vote, making his total fifteen, just one short of the required number. The four Addicks men said that the next senator should be "Addicks or nobody," and, after thirty-five ballots, the Legislature adjourned, without electing a senator, the vote standing, DuPont fifteen, Addicks four. This exhibition of the "tail wagging the dog" split the Republican party in twain, and the breach became wider and more irreconcilable. In the state convention of 1896, to elect delegates to the National Convention at St. Louis, Addicks actually had a majority, and conducted himself so autocratically that the old Republicans bolted and set up a separate convention. Two sets of delegates went to St. Louis and submitted their claims. The committee on credentials, after a heated hearing, during which Senator Higgins denounced Addicks to his face as a "moral idiot," decided in favor of the DuPont-Higgins delegates, who received the seal of party regularity, and have been generally known as the Regular Republicans, even after the last National Convention rec-



COL. HENRY A. DU PONT, LEADER OF THE ANTI-ADDICKS FORCES IN DELAWARE.

ognized the Addicks contingent. The Addicks faction adopted the name Union Republicans in 1896, and were not downcast by their rebuff at St. Louis. They redoubled their efforts, but the split in the party resulted in Democratic victory that fall, and in 1897 a Democrat was chosen senator.

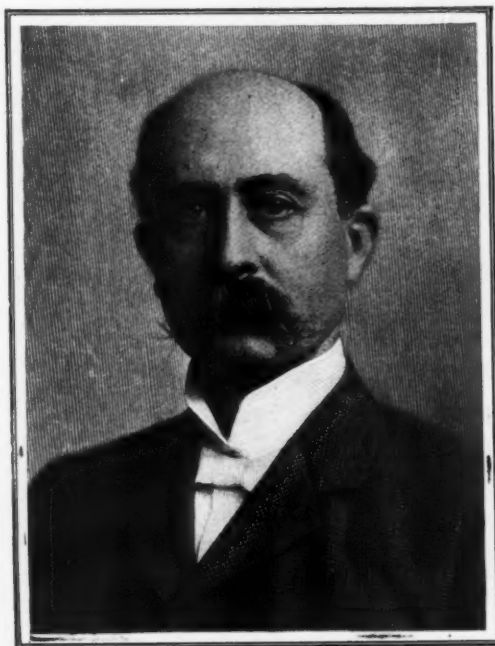
A WILD SCENE.

In 1897 the new constitution was promulgated, and by its provisions the total membership in the Legis-

lature on joint ballot was raised from thirty to fifty-two. The election of 1898 resulted in sending to the Legislature thirty-one Republicans and twenty-one Democrats. One Addicks man and one Regular Republican did not take their seats, and the total vote was reduced to fifty on joint ballot, with twenty-six votes required to elect a senator. The Addicks or Union Republican vote had grown to fifteen, while the Regular strength was

fourteen. The Addicks faction had agreed previous to the meeting of the Legislature that if Addicks did not secure enough votes to elect, a senator should nevertheless be chosen. All legislation was ignored, and the balloting proceeded day by day without result. The Regulars voted for a dozen different men, but the Addicks contingent stuck to Addicks alone, and declared flatly that "Addicks or nobody" was their decision. Near the close of the session, three members elected as Regulars and pledged against Addicks went over to him, making his total eighteen. On the last day of the session, the rumor had got abroad that the Legislature was "fixed," and that Addicks would win. The Legislative Hall was packed, the excitement was intense, and Addicks's sympathizers were offering bets on his

election. Finally on a roll call, a Democrat amazed his associates and the spectators by saying "J. Edward Addicks." The crowd yelled "Judas!" "Traitor!" and when two more Democrats flopped to Addicks, making his vote twenty-one, with only five more needed, the crowd surged upon the floor with curses and shrieks of "Kill them!" "Lynch the traitors!" The Democratic politicians who were present were wild with passion, and it looked as if the session would end in riot and murder. The Democrats were taken by surprise, and were at their wits end to know how to check the stampede that had been prepared. The Democrats would not vote solidly with the Regulars for adjournment, and the Democratic and Regular leaders were therefore confirmed in their suspicion that at least five more Democrats had been "fixed," and that Addicks would win if the balloting proceeded. Democrats who had the privilege of the floor then promptly gave their attention to the Democratic members, who were threatened with lynching if they proved traitors. Some of the Democratic members had a great yearning to absent themselves. One man pleaded that he was ill and must leave the hall. The balloting was stopped, and he was accompanied by three or four tried and trusted Democrats, who forced him to return. The presiding officer was a Regular, and by skilful employment of dilatory tactics the deadlock was maintained. A howling, cursing mob followed the three treacherous Democrats from the hall, threatening violence, but by the aid of



DR. CALEB R. LAYTON, SECRETARY OF STATE AND ADDICKS'S LIEUTENANT IN SUSSEX COUNTY.

the police the "converted" Democrats were hustled to the station and got aboard a train. When they reached home a mob of their indignant constituents was gathered to give them a warm welcome, but they got off the train before it reached the station and sneaked to their homes by back ways. Their houses were bombarded later in the day by stale eggs, brickbats and pistol-shots, and they have been pursued ever since with execration and contempt by all men.

HANNA AS A PEACE-
MAKER.

In 1900 two contesting delegations were sent to the Republican National Convention at Philadelphia in June, and to the surprise of Delaware the Addicks delegation was recognized and received the stamp of party regularity, though they still retain the name of Union Republicans. The credit for this action has been attributed to Senator Hanna, National Chairman, and in a public statement made in March last he admitted that he had no patience with the "stubbornness" of the Regulars and their leader, Colonel DuPont. His influence was exerted in favor of Addicks on the ground of expediency, and because he



STATE SENATOR SAMUEL M. KNOX, LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION TO ADDICKS IN THE LEGISLATURE.

had become convinced that by such a step alone could Republican senators be elected. The sequel will show that he little understood the nature of the Delaware contest or the character of the men engaged in it. The recognition vouchsafed the Addicks men encouraged his followers to make greater efforts, but it also urged the Regulars, who represent the conscience vote in the party, to stouter resistance, and drew the Regulars and Democrats into closer union in offering common defense against the common enemy.

In the elections of 1900 the rival factions united on legislative tickets in New Castle County, maintained separate tickets in Kent and Sussex Counties, patched up a compromise on state officers and joined on the presidential electors for McKinley. The result was twenty-three Democratic members of the Legislature and twenty-nine Republicans, of whom eighteen were accounted Addicks men and eleven nominally Regulars. There was one vacancy in the United States Senate, caused by the Addicks deadlock of 1899, and the term of Kenney, Democrat, ending March 4, 1901. Extraordinary efforts would be made, it was known, to force a compromise and prevent two vacant senatorial seats; and the Regulars and Democrats took extraordinary precautions to strengthen their men and to prevent any mishap, whether by corruption or any other means. Willard Saulsbury, the aggressive and able Democratic leader, sent, as chairman of the Democratic State Committee, letters to trusted Democratic leaders in all parts of the state, urging them to attend constantly the legislative session and hold their men rigidly in line. Every Democratic member was placed under quiet surveillance, in order that notice should be given of any "evil communications" that might appear to tempt them. The Democratic members caucused time and again and pledged themselves, individually and collectively, never to vote for Addicks. The balloting for senator began on January 15th, and the last day of the session was March 8th. Addicks received sixteen votes steadily until near the end of the session, when two others who, it was known, would vote for him when their votes were needed, went over, making his total eighteen out of twenty-seven necessary to elect. The staunch leader of Regulars in the Legislature, Senator Samuel M. Knox,

had announced that Addicks could not possibly be elected by Republican votes, and his prophecy was fulfilled largely through his own courage and resolution. Seven of the Regulars under his lead held out against what they deemed to be a dishonor and disgrace to their party and state when the strongest possible pressure was exerted. Senator Hanna summoned the Regulars to Washington repeatedly and practically ordered them to compromise on Addicks. The Regulars were offered the Collectorship of the Port of Wilmington and other patronage. One of the United States senatorships was dangled before Mr. Knox on condition that he would help elect Addicks. The faithful seven and the other Regular leaders were begged, cajoled and threatened, but they stood firm. On the last day of the session a single ballot was taken, with the result that Addicks received twenty-two votes, including four compromise or "want-to-win" Regulars. The Democrats did not waver, and Senator Knox, having previously reached a private understanding with the Democrats, made the motion to adjourn. The motion was carried amid the curses of the Addicksites, and Delaware was left without representation in the United States Senate. Gen. James H. Wilson, the gallant cavalry officer of the civil war, who has since rendered conspicuous service to his country in Cuba, and more recently in China, said:—

"Other states have surrendered to the mercenaries. Look at Clark going back to the Senate from Montana, and Quay from Pennsylvania. But Delaware has refused to be bought. In its entire history the state has done nothing nobler than in the case of Addicks."

TWO VIEWS.

There is another view represented by Senator Hanna, who has said that

the Regulars were perverse, that State Senator Knox was the most obstinate man he ever met, and that Republicans failed in their duty by not electing two senators, Addicks included. The answer of the Regulars was that it was evident that different men had different conceptions of duty. They denied that they were self-seeking, and pointed to the fact that they had voted during the recent session for fifteen men for senator, and had even offered to vote for two Addicks men other than Addicks himself, while the Addicks faction had not only rejected the proffered compromise, but had voted for Addicks for both terms, and caused two vacancies by following the monstrous "rule or ruin," dog-in-the-manger policy of "Addicks or nobody." As for Addicks himself, they insisted that he presented a moral question outside of and above political considerations, and that they never would support him, though the "sun should grow cold." They charged that Addicks is not a Republican, having wrecked the party in a spirit of pure malice; that he introduced a degrading system, which resolved itself into the sale of the state to the highest bidder, and that they had pledged "themselves and their sacred honor" to combat this system in the interests of the cause of self-government which depends for its safety, in the last resort, to the honesty of the man in the jury box and the man with the ballot. In urging these arguments upon Senator Hanna, they might as well have talked to the deaf. He held that they should have elected two senators, but the fact remains that the following seven members of the Legislature who withstood the pressure of all kinds and defeated, with Democratic aid, J. Edward Addicks, are enrolled among Delaware's heroes: Samuel M. Knox, Harry E. Ellison, Richard T. Pilling, William Chandler, William R. Flynn, Richard Hodgson, Theodore F. Clark.

Addicks, who was confident of election the last time, on account of Hanna's support, had rented a house in Washington and the news of his stunning defeat was telegraphed him. His reply, which came immediately, was characteristic of his pertinacity.

"Pick yourselves up; get at them and prepare to wipe the earth up with them. I am with you to the last ditch, and have only fairly gotten interested."

When Addicks entered the fight, he was utterly unknown. Now he has half the party at his back, and some of these people have come to believe that because he has spent his money, he should reap the benefit. How much further this "subtle poison" may sink into the public mind is a problem. Senator Hoar, in his Lincoln Day address, evidently referring to the Montana and Delaware cases, said:—

"The millionaire who would corrupt a great state to get a great office must be made to feel that his success will bring with it neither joy nor honor. Let public scorn blast him. Let him be avoided as one with a leprosy.

"We shall not, probably, revive the ignominious punishments of the past. But if they are ever revived, let him be their first victim. The whipping post, the branding on the forehead, the cropping of the ears, the scourging at the cart's tail are light punishments for the rich man who would debauch a state, whether it be an old state, with an honorable history, or a young and pure state, in the beginning of its history. If we cannot apply them literally and physically, let the aroused public sentiment of his countrymen pillory and brand and scourge the infamous offender. Leave him to his infamy. Let him be an outcast from the companionship of free men.

"Give him a cloak to hide him in,
And leave him alone with his shame and sin."

BY JULIA TRUITT BISHOP.



OME straight up to No. 367 Maple street," Jonas had written to me. "Or, better still, wire us on what train to expect you and we will meet you at the depot."

Jonas and Effie were settled at last, keeping house, instead of boarding, and I was due in the city and was expected to look them up. I hoped that the ordeal would not be too much for me. I had been dreadfully in love with Effie myself, though Effie said it didn't count, as I had made it a point to fall in love with every girl I had ever met, and she was only one of a long procession. It was like Jonas to go in and win the girl I was making love to, in the very moment of my wildest infatuation; and I had told him at the time that I considered it sneaking. But all that happened a year ago, and I thought it possible I might meet Effie now without wishing to murder Jonas, especially as the youngest of those Craig girls had come home from school, and—however, that really doesn't matter.

I stepped down from the train with my valise in my hand, and looked around over the crowd vainly for Jonas. How like the indifference of a brother that was! Trust a brother for failing to meet you after you have wired him just when you were coming. For a minute or two I thought of going to a hotel and giving Jonas the go-by altogether. It would serve him right. Then I remembered that Effie would suppose I was afraid to trust myself near her, and would plume herself on it all the rest of her life.

I flung my valise into an open cab and flung myself after it.

"No. 367 Maple street," I said, sulkily, to the driver; and in a moment the cab was jolting over the wretched cobblestones, which were slippery with the rain that had just begun to fall.

The rain was falling harder when the wheels finally grated against the curbstone, and the driver was adjusting his oil coat as he opened the door for me and announced:—

"Here you are, sir—No. 367 Maple."

The light at the corner illuminated the front of the house and showed the figures painted on the transom. I paid the driver and let him go, and then ran up the steps and rang the bell. While I stood there waiting, I wondered which would come to the door—Jonas or Effie. I hoped it would be Jonas, for I didn't care for her to see me until I was freshened up a bit.

Neither came. After a while I rang the bell again, and yet again, with the same result. Then it occurred to me how strange it was that there was no light in the house, when they must have been expecting me, too.

Another turn at the bell. This time there was some response. A woman, evidently a servant, came along the yard at the side of the adjoining house, and said in the tone of one imparting general information:—

"They ain't nobody at home—they've gone to the h'opery—an' it's the servants night h'out."

Then she went back and left me to my fate.

The rain was pouring. No cars traversed that street. Judging by the distance I had come, I must be miles from a hotel. The cab I had arrived in was the last one I had seen, and there was probably not another one in the city, for I was filled with a deep disgust that took in the city and everything belonging to it.

It was impossible to think of venturing out in all that rain, which was soon driving in with such force that I began to be wet, even in that sheltered doorway. I must make a run for some other part of the house and try to get into a drier place.

My run brought me to a little veranda covered with honeysuckle, at the side of the house, and there was another door. While I stood looking at the door, in the shadows, I was seized with an inspiration. I took my home latch key out of my pocket and tried it in the lock.

Joy!

I opened the door and walked in, and set my valise down with a sigh of relief. Aha! Jonas, my boy, you might have known your brother better than to try to lock him out, I said, gleefully, to myself, remembering the times without number when I had pillaged Jonas's store of apples, and read his juvenile love letters. And then I struck a match.

After that I spent several minutes striking more matches and trying to learn the combination of a tall lamp covered with a crinkly and flounced affair which I have since discovered was a red silk lamp-shade. I finally lighted the lamp, and at the same moment set fire to the shade. I extinguished the fire by putting the shade on the floor and stepping on it repeatedly. Then I left it where it had fallen. It would teach Effie a lesson, for a great frilled affair like that on a lamp is exceedingly dangerous.

I found that this was the back parlor, and I walked around and looked at everything, and was filled with astonishment. Really, Jonas must have done very well, indeed, to furnish a house in this kind of style in the short time he had been in business.

The high-pitched barking of a dog in some nearby room began to annoy me very much. I now went in search of the dog, taking more matches and lighting another lamp or two on my way. I passed through the parlor and the hall—a very handsome hall—and into a bedroom on the other side, and there was the dog; a wretched little pug, which barked with such wicked

and explosive energy that it almost turned a somersault with every bark. Evidently there was nothing further to be done until that dog was fastened down some way. I have always been a man of expedients. I chased the pug into a closet, and after a brief but violent gymnastic exercise succeeded in turning a waste-basket over the little beast, and then weighted the basket down with a large lump of coal.

So Effie had gone to nursing a pug! Well, I never would have thought it of her. I shut the barking and howling little brute in the closet and determined I would do him some bodily harm before my stay was over.

There was a neat little dressing-room adjoining. I peeped into it and found several suits of Jonas's clothes hanging along the wall, and an armful of linen. For the first time I remembered that my own clothes were damp, and I hastened to do just what Jonas would have insisted on if he had been there; I put on some dry clothes. It goes without saying that the clothes in which I attired myself were the best I could find in Jonas's outfit. Ha! The rascal! He was putting on a good deal of style these days. I don't know when I ever looked better than I found myself looking as I finished my toilet before the tall mirror in the dressing-room. I decided that I would say nothing to Jonas at first about having appropriated his property, and would let him admire my new suit to the fullest extent before I told him. How pleased he and Effie would be at the easy and off-hand manner in which I was making myself perfectly at home!

After that I wandered into the dining-room, and was charmed to observe that the materials for a post-opera lunch had been thoughtfully set on the table, and that there were places for three. Aha! So they were expecting me, then! But, as I was ravenous, I decided to eat my share now, and not

wait. Happy thought! I ate a very generous lunch. After that I went back to the bedroom, lighted one of Jonas's cigars, which I found in a case on the dressing-table, stretched myself out in an easy chair with my feet to the grate, where a warm fire yet glowed, and smoked and dreamed.

I have always thought that there was where I made the mistake—right there. If I had not been dreaming I might have heard the carriage draw up to the sidewalk at that silent hour of the night. As it was, however, I was not aroused until an agitated hand was trying to insert a key into the lock of the front door. I sat up then with a smile of satisfaction at the surprise I was going to give Jonas and Effie. Just then the hall door opened.

"Thunder!" remarked a voice. "I thought we turned all the lights out before we started!"

I dropped back into the chair. The voice did not belong to Jonas! I had never heard it before!

"Why, Frank!" cried a feminine voice, filled with horror; "we were not using the hall lamp this evening at all!"

A wild panorama of things flashed before me. I saw myself wearing Frank's clothes, and smoking his cigars, and eating his lunch, and making myself generally at home in his house. There was nothing for it but to run, and I did not stand upon the order of going. A door was just in front of me. I dashed through it and locked it behind me, and found myself in another bedroom. On into another room, bolting the door again; and there I was in a *cul-de-sac*. The only door of exit led into the hall. I paused and listened, in an agony.

"Oh, my poor darling, little Fido!" screamed the feminine voice, as the dog was discovered. "What an awful, cruel monster he must have been!"

"Well, at least, Annie, he didn't hurt

the dog," said another feminine voice, with a ripple of laughter in it. "I think he deserves a good deal of sympathy in that. The temptation must have been dreadful."

Loud outcries announced the discovery of cigar smoke, and still further thunderous roars from Frank told that he had found his best suit missing. I stood aghast and heard references to the police, and the jingling of an excited telephone bell, followed by calls for three or four men to be sent up from Station E.

"Jumping Jehosaphat!" I murmured prayerfully. I found myself wilting palpably in Frank's clothes, which I had donned with such glee an hour before. I saw myself dragged forth in disgrace by a quartette of blue-coated ruffians, while the two women smiled on my exit, and Fido grinned with joy. In that single moment I spent a whole long night at Station E, locked up with "drunks and disorderlies," and Jonas came down in the morning and called me a fool, while he was making arrangements for my release; and Effie pitied me when I went to the house. Never! That could not be pictured. I would die first. And I clutched at the collar of Frank's suit, and beat my brow with my fist and groaned.

And then I recovered consciousness enough to discover that Fido was out in the hall barking at the door of the room in which I was concealed, until his bark had trailed off into a mere inane shriek. If they had the least confidence in Fido's intelligence I was lost. But no—the procession came along the hall, and Fido was taken up and borne toward the dining-room, barking at every step, and was called a poor, silly darling, whose nerves were all unstrung by the horrid, wicked man that put the "itty bitsy sing" under the basket.

I knew what awaited them in the



"IF YOU CAN THINK OF ANYTHING, PLEASE DON'T HESITATE TO ASK FOR IT."

Drawn by C. D. Graves.

dining-room. I opened the door the merest crack and peeped out. The hall was clear! Now was my time.

With my best home-run gait I sped across the hall and to the back parlor, into which I had first broken with that infernal key of mine.

It was done! I was inside and the door was shut behind me.

And then I fell up against the wall and gasped. I had missed the direction! There was only one other way in which I could make a confounded fool of myself that night, and now I

had done that. This was not the back parlor at all, but a snowy bedroom, with a young lady standing in the middle of it, looking at me.

She continued to look at me for some time. After a while she said:—

“Is there anything more you would like to have? If you can think of anything, please don't hesitate to ask for it; but be quick, for the police will be here soon.”

She was moving disdainfully toward the door; but her stinging tones had roused me, and I stood in her way.

“I am scarcely in a position to ask for consideration,” I said, with spirit; “but I do beg you to believe that this is all an unfortunate mistake. Will you believe me, on my honor as a gentleman, when I tell you that I will explain it all some day, and that, if you help me to escape from this painful predicament, you will be glad when you know the truth?”

We heard Frank and his wife in loud discussion of the coolness of the burglar who had eaten lunch in their dining-room, and Frank proposing to make of the said burglar an example that would be remembered, while Frank's wife cried hysterically—

“Where is Edith? I do wish she would stay with us! We are all going to be murdered before the police get here, I know that just as well!”

The young lady pushed past me with sudden resolution, and opened the door a little.

“Don't worry about me, Annie,” she called brightly. “I don't care to see the police, so I shall just shut myself in.”

Then she closed and locked the door and turned to me again.

“I have almost told a lie for you,” she whispered, coldly. “Worse than that, I am going to help you out at my window. Once outside, you will have to take your chances.”

I bowed my thanks and was moving

toward the window, when I remembered the valise, and all the incriminating evidence it contained to identify me with the wearer of Frank's suit. I told her about it, and she smiled and slipped out of the room by another door. Presently she came back with the valise, and there was a gleam in her eyes as I thanked her again.

“We are under many obligations to you for not having set fire to the house,” she said demurely.

I was getting so much the worst of it that I could not speak, but how I longed to be on equal terms with the pretty virago, where I could have a fair field and no favor. I ground my teeth with helpless rage against the ridiculous combination of circumstances which had me appear like a fool or a knave before a woman like this.

We heard the heavy feet of the officers at the door and their ring at the bell, and then the young lady softly raised the window and unfastened the blinds.

“When you get to the street,” she counseled softly, “don't run very fast, because that would look so suspicious.”

I sprang lightly to the ground. Her hand was lying on the window sill, and I leaned over and kissed it. I considered that she owed me that much for the sharp speeches she had made when she had me at her mercy. The blinds closed with emphasis.

I walked, valise in hand, to the sidewalk, and then I started up the street, not running in the least, but simply moving with celerity. At the further end of the block I plunged into the arms of a man who was coming out of a cottage, and we both reeled.

“Hang it, what you racing about the streets like that for?” he roared, rubbing his shoulder and glaring at me; then he flung himself at me and almost shook my arm off, shouting with a

grin of delight. "Bob, you young rascal! Where have you been?"

I dropped my valise and sat down upon it.

"Jonas," I said sternly, "where do you live?"

"Why, right here, at No. 307," he said, cheerily. "Where have you been all this time? We went to the station to meet you, but were too late, and so we came back home, and have been waiting for you ever since, and awfully uneasy. Come right in, Bob. I was just starting out to make a round of the hotels and see if I could find you."

I had been feeling in my pocket for his letter, and now I spread it out before him under the light of the hall lamp.

"Jonas," I said severely, "what number is that?"

"He looked at it with interest.

"Why, that's No. 307," he said with conviction. "Can't you read writing?"

"Do you call that 307?" I demanded with spirit.

"Great Scott, Bob," he replied, "there it is, as plain as a pikestaff—3, 0, 7. Can anything be plainer than that?"

"And who lives at 367?" I asked, in despair.

"Oh, that's Frank Warburton; particular friend of mine; splendid fellow, too, and has a nice family. And, by the way, I was telling them about you this morning. They've read your stories and are anxious to meet you. But why?"

"Jonas," I said, bitterly, "I wish you'd go to school and learn how to write."

The next time I entered the Warburton house I went in by the front door, and Jonas and Effie were with me. I had returned Mr. Warburton's suit in an anonymous package, and had a vague hope that this was the end of it, and that perhaps the young lady

would not recognize me, as the light had been dim in the room. I had betrayed no secrets to Jonas; far from it.

The Warburtons were surprised when Fido retired under the piano and barked at me so viciously that he had to be removed forcibly to another room before we could exchange the ordinary civilities of a first meeting. Mrs. Warburton said she could not understand it, for Fido was generally so friendly. Even the lovely face of Miss Edith Warburton gave no sign of recognition. This was better than I expected. A warm glow went over me as I thought of it. Perhaps they would never know, after all.

But when I asked Miss Edith to sing, and followed her to the piano, my eyes fell upon a curious object hung up in a little nook at the end of the instrument. It was a half-burned red lamp shade!

She was looking at me, and her eyes were brimming with laughter.

"That is a relic," she said. "We keep it to remind us of a terrible man who invaded our house"——

She was turning over the music, and I was between her and the group at the other end of the room.

"And you told the terrible man," I retorted, "to ask for anything in the house he might want, if he hadn't already taken it. Well, there is something in the house the terrible man wants, and some of these days he is coming to ask for it."

"What can it be? How I hope it is Fido!" replied Miss Edith Warburton.

Frank and Jonas have behaved pretty well, all things considered, though when either of them breaks out into Homeric laughter when there is nothing to laugh at I know what he is thinking of. As for Miss Warburton, she knew as well then as she knows now that it was not Fido I was going to ask for.



An Intimate Article by
Robert E. Speer upon
KOREA
The Country which Russia Covets
and which Japan must have.



A STERN and rock-bound coast, girded by ten thousand jagged islands, forbidding hills, brown and bare or faintly green with sparse, low grass, a few villages and towns, with men clad in loose, dirty white, sitting on their heels or bearing burdens on their backs, with half or wholly naked children lounging about with fat little bellies and filthy little bodies, and curiously white-clad, slow-

moving women with children slung on their hips—a strange land, where the traveler rubs his eyes to make sure that he has waked from sleep—this is what one sees looking on Korea from without, and he says, “I will go away. I will go to Japan, where the people are clean and busy; or to China, where they are busy if they are not clean.” And, reasoning so, the traveler passes by and loses the delights of one of the most charming countries of Asia.

Back of these inhospitable hills are green valleys, with whispering rivers running in them, fed by clear brooks leaping down from woodlands; quaint old villages filled with their white-clad citizens, picturesque farmhouses on the hillsides looking down on fertile fields, fair roads winding by tablet and shrine, past crumbling fortress and through the ruined gateways of marvelous stone walls of defense running over mountain and valley, roads traveled by a friendly and industrious people, good natured, with a true sense of humor, but calm, slow-moving, at once impassive and marveling. Cho-sen, “The Land of the Morning Calm,” they call their country. From the noise and tumult and conflict, the black woolen clothes and mechanical artificialities of our western life, one’s



KOREAN BOY

KOREAN
MUSICIANS
GIVING
A CONCERT.



heart turns to Korea with its still, quiet life, and the quaint, white-robed figures moving to and fro in it like the shades of the ancients.

And, indeed, Korea is but a bit of antiquity. Its history runs back to the twelfth century before Christ, when King David was ruling in Jerusalem and King Keja in northern Korea. After ten centuries of independence, Keja's descendants became vassals of China, and never since have Korea's destinies been wholly severed from those of her mighty neighbor until the China-Japan war cut the bonds once and forever. Khublai Khan made Korea the base of his fruitless attempts to conquer Japan, and then, when the Mongol Empire broke up, the Koreans came under vassalage to the Ming dynasty in China. When the present Manchu dynasty overthrew the Mings, in return for assistance rendered by the Koreans, it refrained from imposing upon Korea any of the changes forced on the Chinese. The queue and, indeed, the bound foot are not known in Korea. When, accordingly, the gates of Korea were opened

to the world a few years ago, what was found in the secluded land beyond was the Korea of the fourteenth century, preserved almost without change—dress and institution and mental notion embodying for our interest the form and spirit of an age which passed away fifteen generations ago.

My companion and I had no desire to look only on the outer walls of Chosen, and we took passage at Chemulpo on a Korean steamer, one of three, I believe, flying the Korean flag, bound for the Ta-tong River in the north, in the province of Pyeng Yang. It was loaded with coal and listed badly. It had a Korean crew, a Japanese captain and a load of Korean passengers, who slept in a heap in a cabin over the screw and under the small national flag, which is a circular emblem consisting of two tadpoles, one green and one red, each swallowing the other's tail. We left the mud flats of Chemulpo in the evening and anchored outside for the night, and then put to sea in a fog which came before a storm. The captain nearly ran the ship on a rock, and



BRONZE
CANNON,
1522.

then, after some hours of tossing and amid the groans and misery of his seasick Korean passengers, came to anchor for two days behind an island, while the storm blew. We had eaten up all our food and drunk all our bottled water by the time the storm was over, and the captain had got his ship past miles of rocky coast and amid thousands of huge jelly fish up to the yellow river which drains northwestern Korea. The steamer could go only a few miles up the river, and we got out into a small boat with a sail. It was Sunday morning, so we tied up by a landing place where a path came down to the water from a village back from the bank. The Christian villages had flags flying over them, the mission converts having devised the plan of running up the national flag on their houses and churches on Sunday to mark the day and the dwellings as different from other days and from pagan dwellings. There was no flag in this village. The old hulks were beached on the bank near by. By the village path a score of men, with hats of all sorts and significance, were squatting, keeping eternal Sabbath.

As to the matter of dress, no other people compare with the Koreans. Hats, clothes and shoes, all are peculiar. There are scores of varieties of hats, but, distinctly enough, they are worn by the men. The women are contented with a cloth wrapped around the head. But the men's headgear is wonderful. The hair itself is carefully prepared. An unmarried man or a boy wears his in a jet-black plait, almost like an American Indian's, and many of these Korean profiles would pass for Indian faces. A married man has his hair put up in a



COSTUME OF GENERAL,
1822.



A PRINCE.

top-knot, sometimes in two top-knots. There is a form of address and speech for boys different from that for adults, and the juvenile forms are used to every man, however old, who has not attained the dignity of marriage and top-knot. Over this top-knot a horse-hair covering of various shapes is worn, and the hat over this. White is the mourning color, and white hats alone were in order during our stay in Korea on account of the death of the queen, who had been murdered at the instigation of the Japanese Minister on October 8, 1895. When a man was too poor to buy a new hat he pasted a small piece of white paper, two inches square, on the top of his

KOREA AND THE KOREANS.

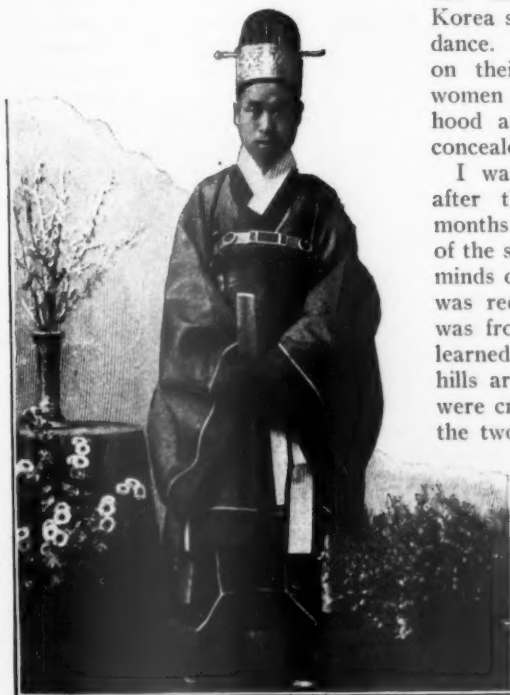
old one. Shoes for bad weather are made of wood, with high cleats for soles, the whole shoe, with its turned-up sabot-like toe, being cut out of one piece of wood. Fashionable fair-weather shoes are of white cloth with slippers over them, and the humbler folk wear a sandal made of woven withes. The clothes of men and women alike are of thin, white stuff like mosquito netting or bolting cloth, made into very loose, baggy garments. With the men these garments consist of undershirts or jackets, trousers, wadded stockings and long, white outercoats. When clean, these white garments give a Korean company a pleasing, fresh appearance. The ordinary woman's dress is a pair of loose trousers and skirt, with a small jacket over the shoulders, which

does not come down to the skirt and trousers, but leaves the breasts accessible between for the inevitable nursing child. In Seoul, better class women wear another garment, which they use as a head covering and cape. It is made in the form of a man's coat, with sleeves which are wholly useless in the garment as used by the women, but mark it as a badge of the marriage state—a relic of the days when a married woman going out would take up her husband's coat and throw it over her head. The traveler through Korea sees women and girls in abundance. There is little or no attempt on their part to hide, but young women between girlhood and motherhood are, for the most part, shyly concealed in the private apartments.

I was in northern Korea shortly after the China-Japan war. Some months had passed, but the memories of the struggle were very sharp in the minds of the people, and a Westerner was received with great respect. It was from him that the Japanese had learned all those terrible ways. The hills around the city of Pyeng Yang were crowned with the earthworks of the two armies, and the innumerable stone shrines along the road were spattered with the marks of bullets. Pyeng Yang had not recovered from the effects of the struggle. The city had lost a portion of its former population, and many buildings had fallen into ruins. But then Korea is full of ruins. The Pyeng Yang jail is typical of all.



COSTUME OF SOLDIER,
1522.



A NOBLEMAN.



A CROSS COUNTRY WALL.

The gate was wide open and the courtyard was full of prisoners, and the surrounding buildings were old and tottering. I asked the chief, whom one of the two or three listless attendants called for us, why the prisoners did not run away. "Oh," he replied, "they would be caught and beaten again and kept longer. Now they will get out soon." But as I looked at them I saw they did not run because they could not. The life was beaten out of them. The keepers brought the heavy red cord with a brass hook at the end and trussed up a man with it to show how the beating was done, and then brought us the stiff rods with which victims were pounded

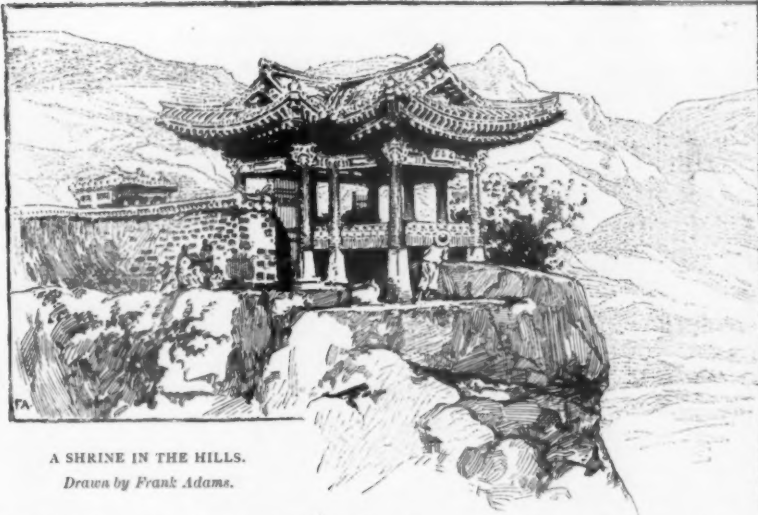
BRONZE
CANNON
1590.

over the shins and thighs until the beaten spots were simply masses of festering rottenness. There was a room, black, foul, leprous, in which the men were fastened in the stocks. The Black Hole of Calcutta was scarcely less merciful than this.

Picturesque stone walls run around the old Korean cities. The river Tatong runs fast by the southern wall of Pyeng Yang, and from the great pavilion over the South Gate one looks across the river and the miles of fertile and far-reaching plains beyond, while a hundred lounging men and boys look lazily on a stranger who is so wasteful of human energy as to climb about the walls and trot along so fast on a warm August day. The Koreans have reduced lounging to a fine art. The *yang ban*, or indolent Korean aristocrat, has developed a peculiar walk, which is the most lounging gait in the world.

It is beyond description—this sight of a white-clad *yang ban*, with a fan held up to keep off two or three rays of the sun, rocking along with a swaying motion that awakens keen solicitude lest the performer should lurch over beyond equilibrium. Indeed, sometimes attendants guard him from toppling.

In this old South Gate pavilion I found, one night a *moutang* woman at work. A *moutang* woman is a sorceress. The popular religion of Korea is practically simple sorcery. Confucianism is not a religion, and while it has shaped the minds of the higher classes in Korea, it has influenced but little the common people. As for Buddhism, its priests and temples have



A SHRINE IN THE HILLS.

Drawn by Frank Adams.

not been allowed in Seoul, the capital, for centuries, and, apart from a few monasteries in the hills, the people

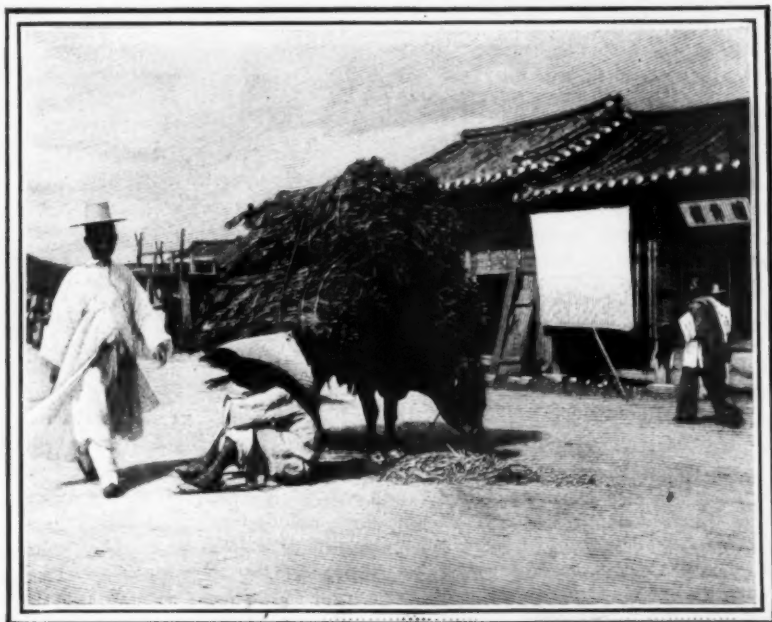


KOREAN PORTER—"JICKEY MAN."

ignore it. They are Shamanists. Spirits and the dead rule their life, and the people propitiate them by sacrifice and worship at wayside shrines and their ancestors' graves. Going across Korea one will find often a piece of rag tied to a tree or around a telegraph pole of "The Roral Korean Telegraph Co.," as its quaint English message blanks read, with a bowl of some offering beneath to the spirit of the tree or pole. Here and there is a bush laden with old shoes, a propitiation, I suppose, to the spirit of shoes. The ceremony in the old South Gate was held to releaße a spirit from hell. In the middle of the dense crowd filling the pavilion was a rectangular space. At each end stood a man with big folds of loose cloth in his arms. Beside each of them a woman stood. Around them ran the folds of the cloth, which also crossed the rectangle diagonally. On the folds were Chinese characters, and in the midst of them, in the open space, stood the sorceress, wearing a red shirt with red bands over her shoulders, and long, loose sleeves flopping in the air. With her was an old

woman beating big cymbals together. Before them were the widow and son of the man whose spirit was by this ceremony to be released from hell. At one side a woman beat a drum resembling two hour-glasses, and behind her were three great tissue-paper figures suspended in the air and waving wildly. These represented spirits. The crowd shunned them awesomely. On the floor before the sorceress was a little table holding two peeled mel-

dead four years, that the devils had presumptive rights for three years, but that the deceased could now be got off, provided, of course, the *mountang* woman was satisfied with her remuneration. When the performance lasted three days, it would often cost \$100. The pieces of cloth would be burned, the natives said, to make a ladder for the spirit from hell to heaven. The surplus folds in the men's arms went to the sorceress.



TAKING IT EASY.

ons, one red, one yellow, some wine in a green bottle and three green apples, which it was pleasant to think would surely give the little devils cholera morbus. The widow, an ugly, scarred-faced woman, poured out some wine and prostrated herself before the table several times. The son, a well-dressed fellow, did the same, while the sorceress, kneeling down, beat the cymbals to call the devils to the offering. A native told me that the man had been

The paper figures would be used by the spirit in accompanying the soul up the ladder. The excitement of the ceremony grew apace, and the old pavilion over the gate rocked and creaked as if joining in the diabolical incantation, and we slipped out into the night and the muddy, unlighted streets, hearing still through the dark the clang of the cymbals and the cry of the mistress of hell.

It was through this same gate, very



AN INLAND VALLEY.

still and prosaic in the morning mist, with its red posts and green roof hanging over the river, that we passed out to tramp down the country to Seoul. In the river a man was washing a donkey, with red head-trappings. Long boats like clumsy gondolas were moving up and down. The fields were rich with maize, cane, millet, buckwheat, tobacco, ginseng, potatoes, cotton, melons and castor oil bean. Lodges built on poles stood in the melon fields for those who watched the ripening crops. Here, in a pass, a stone and seven wooden boards



THE HOUSETOPS OF SEOUL.

marked the spot where seven Japanese scouts were killed. Good springs leaped up by the roadside. At night innumerable creeping things crawled over us, so that at subsequent stopping places we exacted the unreliable assurance that "no biting things" were ahead of us. The road ran over splendid hills, with partridges and golden pheasants abounding in the open land. Now the road ditched for the most part in the country and not too bad, ran through a village, and the village street is bottomless mud. Our Korean man fell into a deep pool and rose to protest to all the villagers as he waded through, that it was



ONE WAY OF IRONING.

shameful to have such a street. I followed him in English, assuring the people that he spoke the truth, and quite moderately, that such want of municipal pride was shameful, and they stared after us as we went, grinned and fell back into the poise and peace of their morning calm.

At night we lodged in the villages, but not in the houses thereof. A Korean house is made of mud walls and floor, and heavy projecting rice straw roof. It is built on the ground and would be very unhealthful but for the heating device. Under the floor a flue runs to and fro, and at one corner a fire is built, whose heat and smoke are conducted through the flue to the diagonally opposite corner, where a chimney runs up the side of the house. The flue is covered with flat stones and mud, and the whole floor is smoothed with oiled paper and covered with

matting. During every month of the year, at evening, the floors are warmed up for the night, and the people lie down, without undressing, to sleep on them. We could tell when we drew near a village in the evening by the low-lying bank of smoke. Now the floors often waxed warm and were no comfort to travelers already hot with long travel under an August sun. So we opened our cots and slept in the courtyards or in the village streets.

As one draws near Seoul, all the roads fill up with travelers. The most humorous are the jickymen or porters. There are tens of thousands of them. Each one has a wooden frame or easel for his back, and he bears an incredible burden. The jickyman is the freight car of Korea. But horses, tough creatures, whom the people compel to sleep on their legs to make them hardy, and splendid, docile bulls are met on all the roads. Besides these we walk on past officials, trotting along on little donkeys or squatting on their chairs like tailors, and looking out pedantically through great yellow or blue goggles.

At the inns along the road you order your meal as "a table of rice," a table for each man, unless you have your own food with you. It is brought on a low, pretty, four-legged table and set down on a floor before you. On it are rice, in a copper bowl, cucumber soup, an omelette, salt fish, shredded cabbage in salt water, salted shrimps, hard bean sauce made out of the pressed bean extract, of which great quantities are said to be shipped from China and Korea as the basis of Worcestershire sauce. But perhaps this is a fable. There are many such told in Asia. The Koreans are inveterate smokers of green tobacco, which they use in pipes with tiny bowls and



A NOBLEMAN.

stems two or three feet long. They stick their pipes down the back of the neck when not using them. There is a deal of drinking, too, though they have many proverbs against it: "Heaven and earth are too small for a drunken man," "White whiskey makes a red face," "There is no bottom to the appetite for drink."

One of the curses of Korea, as of Persia, is that the King eats up the country for the sake of the capital, and spends on palaces in one city what is sucked from the prosperity of the people of the whole land. As one comes past the old Chinese buildings in which the embassies from Peking to Seoul used to lodge, before entering the city, and suddenly steps out of the deep-cut rock through which the road from the north runs, and looks down upon the city, he sees royal palaces almost as extensive as the rest of the city, and the timid King, fearful of cabal or treachery, has now built himself another near the foreign ministers, and would build yet one more in the very midst of the legations. Scarcely anything could be more artistic, however, than the great piled buildings of his old palaces amid groves and lotus ponds, colored with Oriental brilliancy and set off by the red and yellow mountains which begirt the city and the soft brown tints of the rice-thatch roofs, cleft by the broad yellow lines of the city streets.

And, on the whole, the characteristics of the Korean people are very good. They have been oppressed by officials who bought the privilege of taxing the people, who knew that they would be soon superseded by some new purchaser, and made hay while the sun shone by squeezing out every possible dollar. They are an easy-going people, and they have their faults. We were discussing, one day, in the home of an American doctor living in Korea, the predominant traits



A KOREAN LADY OF POSITION.

of Korean character. My traveling companion at once said, "Stockings, trousers and hats." These are conspicuous in the eyes of a stranger. But the doctor said, seriously, "First, indirectness, procrastination in coming at things; second, the desire for sons to perform the duties of filial worship; third, taking things easy, troubles and all; fourth, the sense of the ridiculous, the humorous, fifth, cheerfulness." They are not a dull, stupid people, as the Japanese think. Indeed, their own history should teach the Japanese better. Much of their early civilization, the culture of silk worms, architecture, mathematics, medi-



GOVERNOR'S COSTUME.



A WAYSIDE INN.



A VILLAGE STREET.



WOMEN ON THE STREET IN SEOUL.



A SEOUL THOROUGHFARE.

cine, astronomy and much else beside the priceless secrets of ceramics, the Japanese borrowed from Korea. From the tombs of early Korean kings the most exquisite gray pottery is still taken. As a leading Korean said to me: "Our people are a good people. They are capable, and are more reliable and intellectually honest than the Japanese. The Japanese are bright, but they are not honest. If they don't want to see a fact they will go around and cover it over and persuade themselves that it is not a fact. Yes, our people are strong. Look at the thousands of Catholic martyrs, with whose



THE KING OF KOREA.

blood the Tai Won Kun reddened the Han River, but who said, as the bystanders cried to them just to say they did not believe, 'No; we believe; we cannot save otherwise.'

With a fair government, a sense of security among the people and the slightest encouragement given them from without, one might expect not what would be expected of the adaptive Japanese or of the irresistible Chinaman, but a quiet, orderly people, childlike and simple, and pressing steadily forward toward far better times than those old Ming days of which they have so long dreamed.

THE MAN WHO FEARED.

A STORY OF CHAPULTEPEC.

BY WILLIAM MCLEOD RAINE.

FROM El Molino del Rey the batteries were pouring a scattering fire upon "Los Yanqueis" hidden in the thorny thapparal below, and Huger's twenty-four pounders flung back a grim defiance at them. Artillery and infantry kept flaming out in an irregular line of belching fire. The shrieking of the shrapnel, the spitting of the rifles and the raucous roar from the throats of the heavy guns made an indescribable pandemonium of noise. Occasionally the sharp, crisp order of an officer or the groan of a wounded man broke in on the hideous medley. More than once a dust-be-grimed soldier clambered to his feet

in a sudden pained bewilderment, only to pitch heavily forward on the ground.

Lieutenant Mace was sick of the long artillery duel, and wondered when the order would come to charge. Somehow the wait at the beginning of a battle always shook his nerve. He supposed it was the responsibility. Every few minutes he got up and walked along the line to joke with the men, making a target of himself for the Mexican sharpshooters above. Once a six-pounder went past on the gallop, a boyish mounted officer beating the near-wheeler with the flat of his sword and swearing vehemently. During a momentary lull there came to Mace

the sound of a bunch of firecrackers from the west to tell him that the attack on Casa de Mata had already begun.

Presently a ruddy-faced aide-de-camp galloped up with an order for Captain Longwood. "Heavy shower to be out in without an umbrella," he called merrily to Mace, and next moment slithered from his horse to the ground, spitting blood, with a bullet in his lungs. The horse threw up its head uneasily, stood trembling an instant, then ran neighing along the lines.

"It's an order to take fifty men and silence that blockhouse over to the right," said Longwood, looking up from the paper with bloodless face. "Why doesn't he send a regiment? Curse it, there's a thousand men there. He's sacrificing us for the rest of the army. It's sure death, I tell you. It's murder—that's what it is!"

The Lieutenant looked at him curiously. This good-looking, whining Captain of his had not made a very fine record for himself so far. At Vera Cruz he had been seasick, at Cerro Gordo in hospital with a wrenched knee caused by a fall from his horse, at Contreras and Churubusco down with a fever. Except for a few slight skirmishes he had managed to keep out of the fighting without causing suspicion. Mace wondered whether he were going to show the white feather now. It certainly looked like it. The man was losing control over himself and going to pieces. Fear had him by the throat and was clutching at his hair. Unless he could pull himself together he would be a disgraced man.

Jim Mace called to mind a village in Ohio where dwelt a certain fair-haired girl with laughing eyes and dimpling cheeks. It seemed to him that he had loved her since they had first learnt to toddle hand in hand. A mysterious

glamor had always held him when he looked into those smile-kissed, daring eyes of hers. He knew that he had been in a fair way to win when "Handsome Harry" Longwood sauntered into the race with smiling ease. The rivalry between them had culminated when the war began. Jim had thought the war all wrong, and had not hesitated to say so. Longwood, on the other hand, had been loudly patriotic, and bitterly scornful of all who were not ready to volunteer at the call of their country. In securing enlistments he had been especially active, and he had been elected captain by his company. When he appeared before Kitty Morrison in his new uniform and gold chevrons, with a handsome sword clanking by his side, all eager to go forth to avenge his country's wrongs, poor Jim Mace had dropped quite out of the running.

At the last moment Mace had enlisted, and had since won his way to a commission by desperate valor. What mattered it to him now whether he lived or died? He looked death in the face and laughed, and because the grim reaper fears a bold front, he slunk away abashed.

"Handsome Harry" was collapsing pitifully. His face already was scarce recognizable in its contorted fear. In three minutes the man would be ready to acknowledge himself a groveling coward. The Lieutenant could see that the men were beginning to notice his condition. Though Longwood was no friend of his, yet something in him revolted at the thought of an officer of his own regiment, and one who hailed from the same town as himself, making a show of himself before the men.

"Guess you'd better let me go against the blockhouse," he said gruffly. "You'll have to stay with the rest of the company. I'll try and get there in time to join you fellows as

you go up the hill. That is, if they ever do let you go. Looks to me as if it's about time to rush the hill now. Wonder what the Old Man is waiting for, anyhow."

Longwood's face lightened. "Do you think I ought to send you? I suppose I ought to stay with the rest of the company. Well, I guess the blockhouse looks a good deal worse than it is. Likely enough you won't have any trouble driving those fellows out."

"No. It's quite a picnic. Pity you can't go yourself," answered the Lieutenant with a sardonic laugh.

Longwood flushed. "It's about six of one and a half a dozen of the other. Well, so long, old man. Meet you on top of Molino del Rey. Take care of yourself," he said, with a feeble attempt at nonchalance.

"Sure!" answered Mace, without noticing the proffered hand, and strode away to pick his men for the assault. It had been on his tongue-tip to tell Longwood in turn to be sure to take care of himself, but he had reflected that the advice was unnecessary, and in any case he did not like to hit a man when he was down.

Mace skirted the foot of the hill, keeping his men in the shelter of a cypress grove till they were opposite the point of attack. Half way up the hill the stockade of the blockhouse bristled with rifles. Hé knew that some thousand men would watch his dash for that stockade, and he was grimly determined to tear down the green, red and yellow rag that floated above the little fort, and replace it with the Stars and Stripes.

For fifty yards the men found cover in two chapparal-grown arroyos which ran side by side to the base of the rise. Then they straggled into the open in loose formation. Instantly the fire of the blockhouse was directed against them alone. A shot whistled past,

plunged into the earth twenty feet behind them, and covered a dozen men with sand and dirt. A shell exploded above them and killed three. The Mexican musketry was barking viciously at them, and it was all Mace could do to keep the pace steady. There was an almost irresistible desire to break forward into a run and get it over. Now one and now another went down killed or wounded. A withering fire of artillery and infantry was dropping down on them. Still they pushed doggedly on, though Mace began to wonder whether he would have any men left when he reached the top. The flag wavered up the hill with its little band of supporters, despite the hail of death which poured down on them. There was one moment near the blockhouse when the volunteers faltered, but the young officer in front lifted them forward by the contagious enthusiasm of his daring.

A cheer swept along the ranks of the waiting-troops below and rippled up to them. From the blockhouse the defenders began to dribble out singly and in little groups, making for the castle of Chapultepec in panic flight. The assailants were converging on the stockade, and the steady fire gave way to few hurried, scattering shots. When the Americans swept over the stockade the Mexicans were already in full retreat. The guns were swung round and turned on those who had lately been serving them. Presently the Stars and Stripes fluttered out from the flagstaff. Cheer after cheer rolled down the hill from the score or so of ragged volunteers who waved hats frantically from the breastworks without regard to the fire from the castle above, and the cheers echoed back to them from the foot of the hill.

Someone struck up "Yankee Doodle" just as the column below de-



"WHEN THE AMERICANS SWEEP OVER THE STOCKADE."

Drawn by Walter Russell.

ployed with fixed bayonets for the charge on Molino del Rey. Major Wright's party of five hundred men, who had been selected for the assault, were still humming it when they began the ascent, and the Mexicans above wondered what manner of men were these who came singing to their death. The fire from the fort was terrific, but nothing could stop these veterans of Contreras and Churubusco. Batteries ripped out at them in a long sheet of flame. Shells and caseshot tore holes in the advancing line. Sharpshooters picked them off with galling precision. Not for a moment did they falter. Order was forgotten, for every officer wanted to get his men first to the stockade, and to that intent exposed himself recklessly. In that charge, and in the fifteen minutes of desperate fighting which followed it, eleven officers out of fourteen went down.

Through his field-glass Lieutenant Mace noted one officer in particular who was far ahead of the others and of his own company. He was the incarnation of dashing gallantry and the cynosure of a hundred riflemen. Yet he seemed to bear a charmed life, though the bullets threw up splashes of dirt all around him. Mace suddenly lowered his glasses with an exclamation of surprise. The man who led that resistless charge was Captain Harry Longwood of Company G.

Lieutenant Mace and his men flung themselves across the cactus-covered hill to join their comrades. In spite of the fort guns, which played continually on them, and the grape-shot whistling viciously about their ears, the irregular line went up very steadily, reached the crest of the incline, swept over the trenches, and crumpled up the defense. The first man to reach the ramparts was Harry Longwood. He sprang on the wall and waved an invitation to the storming party with his sword; then leaped

down among the Mexican gunners, one man against three thousand.

From barricades and house-tops, from the large column in the field, from the castle above, the defenders hurled a hail of shot on the Americans. For a few minutes the position was almost untenable, but supports hurried forward to their assistance, and together they drove the foe from their guns. Presently messengers came riding in with tidings of success. The brigade of McIntosh had penetrated to the very ditch which surrounded the castle of Chapultepec. To-morrow the castle must fall and open the way to the capital itself. There was nothing to mar the general satisfaction except the terrible slaughter. Nearly eight hundred officers and men had fallen.

It was in the last brush of the day that Lieutenant Mace was wounded. A party of Mexicans had taken refuge in a large church, from which they were still firing upon the Americans. Mace was in charge of the detail which broke through the hastily improvised barricades and met them in a hand-to-hand combat within. Just before the natives surrendered, a clubbed musket crashed down on his head and put a quietus on his activities.

The young officer came to consciousness nursing a broken head like to split pain. He moved out into the street, where the hot, pitiless sun grilled down on a land palpitating with the sulphurous heat of battle. A sickening torrid wind swept over the gasping earth. He was conscious only of a feverish desire to quench the maddening thirst that tortured him. Just as the Lieutenant drained dry the canteen which he had unstrapped from the body of a dead Mexican, an attendant of the hospital corps, touched him on the arm.

"This Lieutenant Mace?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. What can I do for you?"

"There's a man dying over here wants to see you," returned the other, indicating a cypress grove where the wounded had been taken. "Better let me tie your head first, sir."

Mace followed the man mechanically to the grove. General Scott, coming out from among the long rows of the wounded, stopped at sight of Lieutenant Mace to thank him for the brilliant manner in which he had captured the blockhouse. "The honors of the day rest with the officers of Company G," he was good enough to say. The Lieutenant flushed with pleasure as the General turned away. He resolved to tell Longwood part of what the General had said, after he had begged his pardon for having doubted his courage. He admitted to himself with a deep humility that Harry Longwood was the bravest man he knew, since he had forced himself in agony to trample under foot so finely the fears that bound him.

He stepped across wounded men at the heels of the hospital attendant to where an officer was dictating a letter to a man seated beside him. Mace caught the last words, a pathetic cry of farewell, "Oh, Kittie girl, God bless you always. Good-bye, dear heart, good-bye," and a lump swelled in his throat. The officer turned, and Mace saw that he was the captain of Company G, badly wounded in a dozen different places. There came to the Lieutenant the picture of a brown, sun-tinted, merry face in far away Ohio, agleam with gay defiance, struck bloodless and empty of happiness by evil news of her lover in the south.

Longwood noticed the bandage round the Lieutenant's head.

"Hard hit, old man?" he asked.

"No, a scratch. How is it with you?"

"I've got more than I can carry, Jim," he answered simply.

At the first sight Mace knew him for a dying man, but he began the usual

cheerful protest of comfort.

"Drop it, Jim. I haven't more than a few minutes left, and none to waste," the Captain interrupted. "I've been writing to Kittie. I've been telling her what a coward I turned out, and how you were the man she should have chosen. You know I fuked the fighting at Cerro Gordo."

"Good heavens, man, you are the hero of the battle to-day. The whole army is talking about you. I never met a braver man," cried Mace impetuously, the hot tears in his eyes.

The eyes of the dying man lighted with a flicker of happiness.

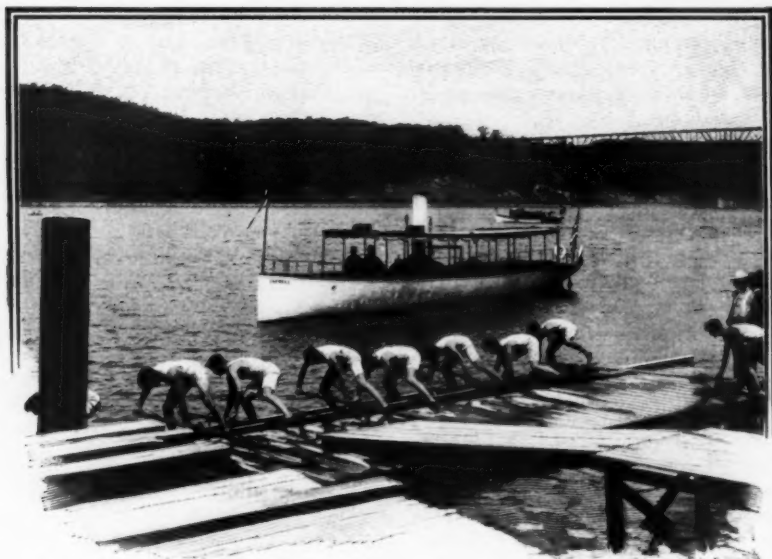
"No, Jim. I was a coward all the time. I sweated blood, even when I went up the hill. The General was in to shake hands and tell me that I was a credit to the army; but he doesn't understand. You'll tell Kittie I wasn't afraid at the very last, Jim?" The pathetic humility of this man who had fought and won so grim a fight stirred the young officer profoundly.

"I'll tell her you were the bravest man in the whole army," cried Mace brokenly. "I wish to God I had known you earlier. Forgive me, Harry."

"That's all right, Jim. I reckon we've both been a bit high strung with each other. So long, Jim."

The Captain's head fell back on the knapsack which served for a pillow. He murmured the name of his sweetheart, then fell into a light doze. A few minutes later he opened his eyes again and struggled to an elbow. Mace slipped a supporting arm round his waist. The wild light of battle had come back into the Captain's eyes. "Come on, men; come on! The Greasers are breaking! We've got 'em running!" he called hoarse. "Yankee Doodle——"

The waving arm dropped limply to his side. Captain Longwood had been mustered out of the service.



LAUNCHING THE 'VARSITY SHELL AT POUGHKEEPSIE BEFORE THE BIG RACE OF THE HUDSON RIVER REGATTA.

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE BOAT RACE.

BY JAMES FRENCH DORRANCE.

THE university boat races at Poughkeepsie and New London are witnessed every year by thousands of people, who crowd slow-going observation trains, fill every available steamer and launch, or stand in packed masses on shore at the start or finish.

A half-dozen college yells mingle their noise at Poughkeepsie. It takes a color expert to distinguish the shades of difference between the blues of Columbia and Pennsylvania and the reds of Cornell and Wisconsin. This year Georgetown gray, and perhaps Syracuse orange, will be added to the variety.

At New London, Yale blue and Harvard crimson are easily distinguished; but one is always in doubt until nine "rahs" have been reeled out as to which university the noise is for.

The regattas are alike in that there is the same extraordinary excitement on shore, the same straining of muscle and exhibition of endurance by the strong young heroes in the boats, and, afterwards, the same rejoicing over victory or drowning of sorrows.

The races of 1901 promise to draw larger crowds than ever before. Better and faster crews will bring into play all the fine touches of stroke and form which the expert rowing coaches of the country have worked out. The regattas will equal in interest the famous contests between Oxford and Cambridge, which have for years taken place every spring on the Thames.

The cloud which has darkened the rowing horizon for several years—the impossibility of bringing about an open regatta with ten or fifteen colleges represented—now seems likely

to be driven away. Harvard and Yale have taken the first steps toward creating an American Henley, and the other rowing colleges are co-operating. Perhaps in 1902 there will be but one regatta, and such a one as swept down the lake at Saratoga or tore up the blue waters of Cayuga years ago.

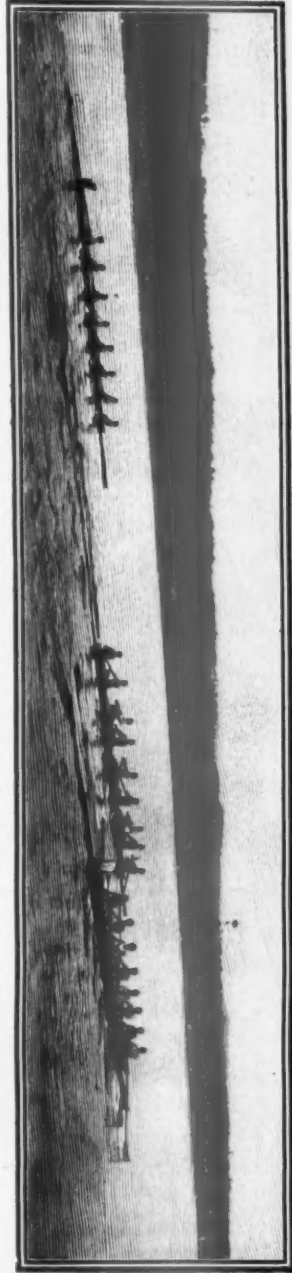
The amount of work and money that is being expended this year to turn out crews worthy to uphold the fame and honor of the modern university is surprising. The crowds at the races realize this, for they are, for the most part, college men, past and present. The great general public, which sees these exciting contests through the columns of an extra or on the newspaper bulletin-board, knows nothing about it. Only the undergraduate, who, with blistered hands and aching back, has tried for the crew, can appreciate the work; only the alumni and the unathletic student body know the expense, for they bear it all.

Since the first of the year between 750 and 1,000 college men have given more or less of their time and strength to building up the fifteen or more Varsity and freshmen crews which will race in the coming regattas. At least 300 of this number devoted from two to four hours a day during this time to work on the rowing machines and boats and the general training which is necessary. Some of the freshmen have been at work steadily since October 1st.

As far as money cost is concerned, crews are the most expensive athletic luxuries which colleges possess. Football pays its own way, and the big teams have enough left over to help out track and baseball. But rowing depends on charity—the free-will offerings of faculty, graduates and students. It has no gate receipts, and the regatta towns subscribe but little.

The annual cost of a big university crew under present training methods is from \$6,000 to \$10,000. This does not include the amount spent from time to time for improvements and new equipment. It cost \$8,000 to put Cornell crews on the water last year, and nearly as much will be spent this season. The principal expense is the salaries of the professional head coach and the expert boat-builder. These two items alone cannot cost less than \$2,500. A steam launch is kept in commission for three

A PRACTICE RACE BETWEEN THREE CORNELL CREWS ON LAKE CAYUGA—A DAILY OCCURRENCE DURING THE TRAINING SEASON.





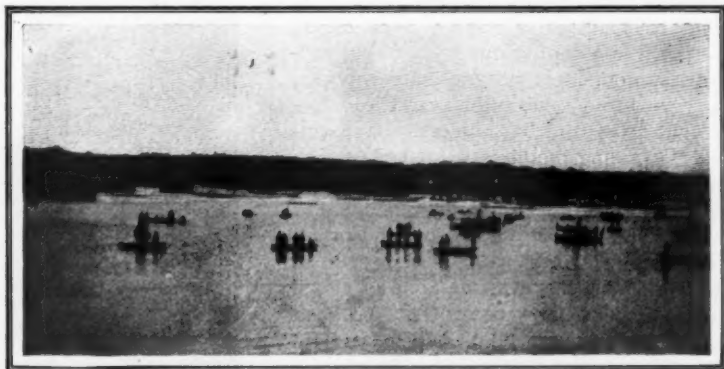
CORNELL AND PENNSYLVANIA FIGHTING IT OUT ON LAKE CAYUGA.

months every year, at a cost of \$500. The training table costs the navy management \$1,200, although the men pay part of their board. Then there is the final expense of \$1,400 for race week. This includes transportation to the point of meeting for men, shells and launch, and their sustenance while there.

The expense of money, however, is small compared to the expense of valuable time, which the undergraduates pay freely. While every college has its own details of training and its own methods of crew selection, all work on the same general lines. Some systems are more saving of time than others, and one of these is in use at Cornell, where hard study is made more of a necessity than at most uni-

versities. That the Cornell system is efficient is shown by her record of twenty big inter-collegiate victories since 1875, and in two of these races the American and world's records for three miles were badly broken.

Cornell's rowing policy has for years been controlled by one man—Charles Courtney, father of the famous stroke that bears his name, and one of the fastest single-shell racers of his generation. He has turned out more winning crews than any other American coach, and Cornell swears by him. He has more influence among the undergraduates than President Schurman, and they care more for his good opinion than they do for that of their own fathers. He is more loved than the college man's best girl, although

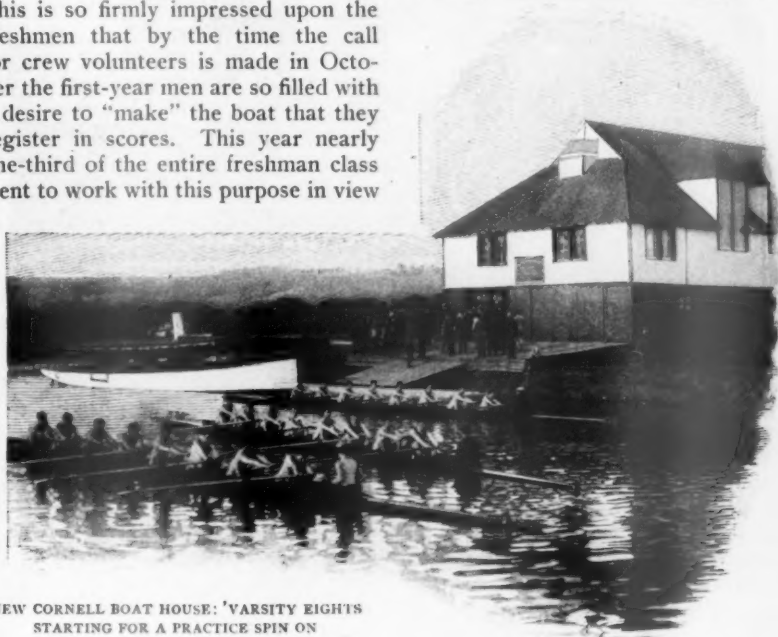


THE 1900 RACE ON THE HUDSON: PENNSYLVANIA WINS IN A SPEEDY FINISH.

the feeling is differently expressed, and more feared than the campus policeman.

A seat in the 'Varsity boat is considered the greatest athletic honor which can come to a man at Cornell. The "C" won in this way is worn with more pride than the identical emblem earned by risking life and limb on the gridiron or fingers on the diamond. This is so firmly impressed upon the freshmen that by the time the call for crew volunteers is made in October the first-year men are so filled with a desire to "make" the boat that they register in scores. This year nearly one-third of the entire freshman class went to work with this purpose in view

have learned. The machines are placed in rows of eight, as in the shells. The oars alternate, starboard and port, and at each place is a sliding seat, the control of which is one of the fine points of successful rowing. The oars are half length and work under air pressure, not unlike the way real oars do in the water. Some universities have rowing tanks and use full-length oars.



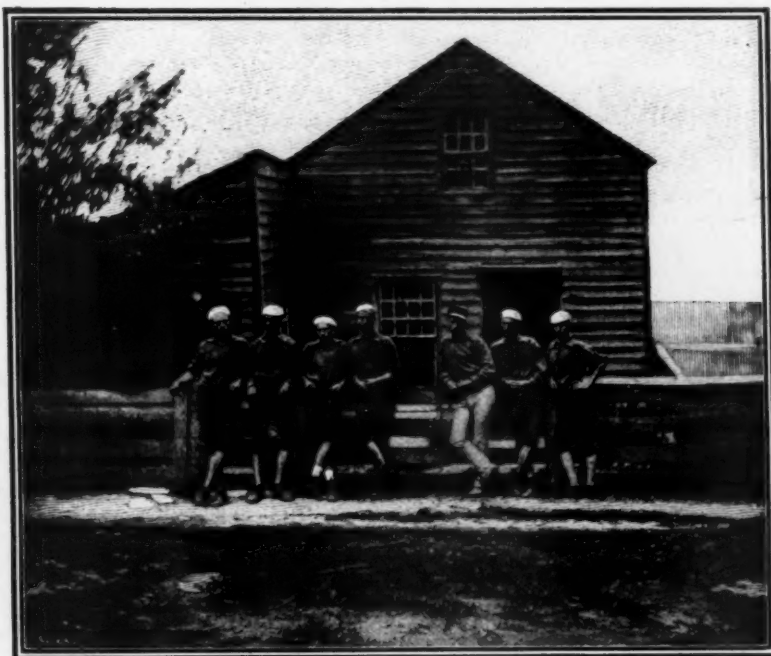
NEW CORNELL BOAT HOUSE: 'VARSITY EIGHT'S STARTING FOR A PRACTICE SPIN ON ITHACA INLET.

three weeks after college opened. Many of them had never held an oar before, most of them did not know port from starboard, but they wanted to learn, and no one was disappointed from lack of opportunity.

Every afternoon during the long fall term found them at the gymnasium, waiting for their turn at the rowing machines, a modern invention which sends crew men to the water at the beginning of spring with muscles hardened, and very little to pick up but skill in using the stroke which they

Bit by bit the freshman is taught the Courtney stroke. He thinks it easy enough when it is explained to him by one of the coaches, and wonders why rowing is considered so hard. He finds out later. The formula is easy enough, but it takes weeks to carry it out and a whole season to get the best possible form. Nine out of ten candidates never succeed in fully mastering it, and without absolute proficiency no one gets into the boat.

The stroke has a discouraging way



THE CREW OF '76 AND CORNELL'S TRAINING QUARTERS IN EARLY DAYS OF INTER-COLLEGIATE ROWING,

of making a freshman believe that it has been conquered, but the coaches can pick a dozen flaws at a single glance. The slide persists in moving before its time. The body seems perpetually warped one way or the other, calling from the coach the sharp command, "Get your body in the boat!" for the string of machines is called a boat. Perseverance will win even over the Courtney stroke. Then comes days of putting into practice the complete stroke. A rocking-chair motion, with mind alert to all the smaller details, is kept up, day after day, until at last one does it mechanically and almost without thinking.

Perhaps the freshman did not learn to swim in his youth, and it is surprising how many men come to college without knowing the first rudiments of keeping afloat. If this be the case, the candidate must spend addi-

tional time in the swimming tank, going through the various stages—dog fashion, man-fashion, over-hand and on his back—until thoroughly at home in the water. No one is allowed in the boat until his ability in this regard has been demonstrated.

When college re-opens in January, rowing work on the machines is taken up again, harder than before. The freshmen who have been winning miniature honors on the football field come to the crew room, hoping that their weight and strength will make up for a late start. After a few weeks the men are divided into squads of eight, with one of the handiest at stroke. The number of strokes is gradually increased until thirty-five a minute can be taken. At this rate the strain is almost as great as in an actual race, and the candidates often faint at the machines.

The Varsity men are called out the first of the year, and take up the work on the machines like the veterans that they are. Nearly all of them were in their freshman boat, and every one has been through the course of training which the freshmen have been undergoing. They row from a quarter to half an hour each day, finishing their work with a mile run on the gymnasium track.

The Easter vacation means much gaiety at home for the average student. For the crew men it merely marks the opening of a new rowing era. The machines are left to the spiders and dust of the gymnasium, and the scene of activity shifts to the boathouse on Cayuga Lake inlet.

This boathouse is an interesting place. The lower story has wide sliding doors, from which an incline leads to the water. Inside, shells and barges of all kinds are piled in tiers. Most of them have records, for each crew goes into the regatta with a new shell, which is used in practice the following year. On the walls hang pictures of famous crews of the past, silent examples for the future.

The Varsity men go into paper-box-like racing shells as soon as the ice goes out, for they are already perfect in watermanship. The freshman, however, puts into practice what he has learned in the gymnasium, first in the pair, and then in the four-oar barge. This work blisters the hands, and develops many new muscles to a pitch of soreness that attends the slightest motion with pain.

At last they are put into an eight-oared barge, wider and heavier than the racing shells, and not so likely to upset in green hands. The freshmen pull this up and down the inlet amid much splashing of water, more or less clumsy crab-catching, several collisions with the bank, should the coxswain lose his head, and a general

shouting of orders from the coaches.

The "shake-up," or sifting out of unlikely men, is made when the race is still three months away. After this the men go into the strictest training. Each man becomes a great, strenuous machine, regulating his life by the clock, his meals by a common and proscribed bill of fare and doing his college work as a pleasing digression. In spite of the terrible strain, the work on the water is healthy, for the men add flesh and seldom break down.

Until a week before the races the actual personnel of the various crews is unknown except to the head coach. During the last few weeks the men work harder than ever before, if such a thing is possible. There are long and exciting races each afternoon on the lake, and every effort is made to expose possible weaknesses. At last a final list of twenty-six men is posted. The next day, men, coaches, shells and the launch are shipped off to Poughkeepsie for a week's work on the Hudson.

At last the day for which they have been waiting so long has arrived. The men rest at quarters until late in the afternoon, when the college launch tows the shells to the starting point. There is a little delay, during which the men sit quietly at the oars, and, with curious side glances, size up their opponents "lined up" in other shells on either side of them. The coaches give a parting word of encouragement, and the coxswain tells them to win or die in the attempt.

He is snugly seated in the stern with his feet on the pumps and the tiller ropes in his hands. An odd-looking megaphone is fastened in front of his mouth. With his eye on the starter's yacht, he cried "Ready!" Then, simultaneously with the report of the gun, comes his second command, "Stroke." It is sharp and loud. Eight oars catch water together, and the narrow shell

springs forward as the sliding seats go back. The race has begun.

Very few crew men have many impressions during a close race. It is a case of keep your eye on the neck of the man in front of you, the ears alert for the coxswain's steady "Stroke! Stroke! Stroke!" which keeps the oars in time. An occasional order for No. 3 to row deeper or 5 to pull harder passes unnoticed by all but the men concerned.

The oarsman's brain refuses to work in the ordinary way. He thinks of but one thing—making the next stroke stronger than the last. He hardly knows whether his boat is ahead or behind, and has not time to look. The stroke becomes faster and faster. He is rowing as he never did before. Presently he feels that they are near the end. Can he hold out? He dismisses the doubt before it is fully formed, with the thought "I must." Black spots are floating between his eyes and No. 3's neck. His legs want to fly out of the braces and tie themselves into a knot. There is a rumbling, roaring jumble in his ears. He can no longer hear the coxswain.

Suddenly a sharp vibration goes through the boat. The coxswain is rapping the side of the shell with the handle of the tiller rope. It is the final

spurt, and the tired oarsman must follow each vibration with a stroke, throwing into each his utmost strength. He tries to count the strokes, but fails. He ceases to think, but rows on mechanically.

He wonders what they are stopping for, as the pace gradually grows slower. Surely the race is not over. They are certainly slowing down. Has some one given up? Is the rest of the crew mad? He would not have thought it of them. Well, it was not his fault that they lost the race, and the fellows will know it.

Then he hears the old, familiar cry, "Cornell, I yell, yell, yell, Cornell." He wonders what the fellows can be yelling about. Then he comes out of his semi-conscious state. "What! We've won the race, did you say? By two lengths! I can't believe it." His joy is strangely nervous and woman-like for one so strong.

It is apt to be morning before the tired crew man gets to bed. When he wakes he wonders if the game is worth the toil. Perhaps he decides that it is not, and makes a vow under his breath never to try for another crew. The spirit of it is in him, however, and he is the first man to respond to the call for 'Varsity men for the next year's crew.



CORNELL CREWS SPRINTING PAST THE BOAT HOUSE FOR COACH COURTNEY'S BENEFIT.

MARGINALIA



JOHN MITCHELL, ORGANIZER.

THE Army of Labor" takes on a new and stronger meaning when we study a career like that of John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers, who has consolidated into a single union the 285,000 men who furnish to the United States its supply of bituminous and anthracite coal: At the age of thirty-two this young leader stands, the most conspicuous figure in the labor world of the western hemisphere, directing and advising men who furnish the foundation of all the industries, for, without coal the great factories, the railroads, the steamers, the light, and heat

and power plants, would be idle, and countless thousands thrown out of work. He has the confidence of the men he manages, and their employers feel that he is a power to be reckoned with. By steady strides he is winning for men who live by muscular effort, conditions vastly better than those they have ever enjoyed. He is the embodiment of determination. In his quiet, rather pale face, his square, heavy jaw, his dark brown eyes, reposes the power of execution. He has the manner of the man who does things. There is in his quiet voice, short, abrupt sentences, quick gestures, a force which stamps him as a man who knows his own mind. He is assertive only when address-

ing great meetings or in expressing his policy to his associates. The union is his God.

It is remarkable, to those who know him not, that so young a man should not only have reached the position he has attained, but should be so well able to retain and strengthen his hold upon his men; but once seen in action, the wonder vanishes. It is his commanding belief in what he is doing which has won for him. Of all the miners the Welsh are the most able, the most argumentative, the most uncompromising, and serene in their known ability to debate, born of constant contests in *eisteddfods*, they at first looked upon the young leader with derision, but, having heard him speak, their patronage disappeared, they exclaimed: "That's the boy for you!" and were proud to beg a hand-shake with "the lad."

He has not gained his position without struggles. They were struggles which broadened him, which taught him much. His life has been a busy one. He was born in Braidwood, Illinois, in 1869, of Irish parentage. His father was a miner. He went to school, when possible, until ten years of age, and then, his parents being dead, he got work on a farm. At thirteen he was working in the mines, at sixteen he had joined the Knights of Labor, and, seized with the desire to travel, started through the West, working in the mines as he progressed and visiting all the states where there were mining operations. At eighteen he returned to Illinois, a man, knowing his fellow men and imbued with the conviction that the miners' condition was deplorable and should be improved if organization could improve it. At nineteen he was elected president of the Local Assembly, Knights of Labor, at Spring Valley, Illinois. For the next five years he was active in labor matters, attending district and state conventions and building a stock of information about mining. In 1896 his first big step was taken, he was elected secretary and treasurer of the Northern Illinois Sub-district, embracing all the organized territory of the state. The same year he was made chairman of the legislative committee and stationed at Springfield to work for labor legislation. The next year, when the miners of the state went on strike, he became a national organizer. His rise then was rapid, he was chosen to fill important positions in the United Mine Workers and the American Federation of Labor, his prestige grew, and, in January, 1899, at Pittsburg, he was elected president of the United Mine Workers, and re-elected in January of this year.

He is a man eager to sink his personal identity in that of the union, and is least approachable when the subject is himself. He cares nothing for notoriety, and is almost unpleasant when praised. He is working for the union. He has opposed an increase in salary for himself and other officers. In March, at a convention of an-

thracite miners, he declined an offer of a house in Indianapolis, which the admiring miners desired to give him, and told them to use the money in erecting a monument to the nineteen strikers killed by a sheriff's posse at Lattimer, Pa.

But, while he will not talk of himself, the facts about the union speak for him. When he became president, the organization had 43,000 members in the bituminous region, and none in the anthracite. Four months later it numbered 54,000. In a year it had grown to 91,000, and in November, 1900, it was 130,000 in the bituminous districts alone. In the early summer of last year the work of organization commenced in the anthracite region, and now, where a year ago there was no union, 130,000 out of 140,000 mine workers are members.

The association has gained numerous concessions, advanced wages, shorter hours, improved standing and has vastly bettered the condition of its members. There is still more to gain and John Mitchell is striving daily and nightly for it; he does not observe the eight hour law, his work is never done, he is the slave of the union, and, it is fitting that this should be said last, and said strongly, there has never been, despite the temptations which beset him, any reflections upon his uprightness and his honesty.

And, for the curiosity of the women folk be it chronicled that he has a wife and five children.

PERCIVAL RIDSDALE.



YEARNINGS.

Had I a pair of seven-league boots
Like those in fairy lore,
I'd have my office in New York,
My home in Baltimore.

And every Sunday when the sky
Was cloudless, bright and clear
I'd take a constitutional
Around the hemisphere.

BUTLER-BRANNAN.

A LITTLE PENANCE.

IT is seldom that I sit and sew alone; for then the ghosts steal in; voices from out the past come calling; and a little dog long dead, curling up on the hem of my skirt, goes fast asleep.

With the point of my thimble I tapped on the wall between our rooms, the room of Maman Lisa, my neighbor, who when I sneeze cries out in the cracked treble of her old-child voice, "Dieu vous benise!" and my own.

"Are you in there all alone?" I asked.

"Oui, oui," she answered, "toute seule."

"Have the obligation to make me une petite visite," I begged with the elaborate courtesy I have learned from the French.

"Oui, oui," she acquiesced, and came.

Opening the door I advanced along the hall, took her fragile withered-leaf hand and led her in. Giving her the big arm chair I stood off looking at her a moment—a picture outside a frame she was in her quaint black gown, the halo of her snowy cap about her face—then seating myself, fell to work.

Leaning forward she passed her hand across the goods.

"What are you making?" she asked.

She shaded her eyes with the other hand.

"You know I can't see," she explained with a laugh, part sigh, part tear.

"I'm turning a skirt," I told her. "I can't have a new gown and go to Italy too, so I'm going to Italy."

We talked awhile irrelevantly of one thing and another, I in my imperfect French and she correcting me.

I accepted the correctness with the meekness of an infant just beginning to talk,—a thing you learn to do with learning a language.

"It seems to me," she ventured by and by, "that your hand moves very fast. I can see only the white of it as it makes an

arc, but it goes fast, very fast. Are you sure," timidly, "that you are sewing it right?"

"As sure as I'm sitting here," I replied.

Taking up the hem she ran her fingers along to see if it puckered. She shook her head.

"It doesn't seem to," she assured herself. "If I did it that fast though, it would. But then," in a louder tone, "I hear they do everything comme ca in America, à la vapeur, as it were."

"They do," I nodded assent, and sewed.

Presently:

"When do you go to the Convent of the Little Sisters?" I enquired.

"The day after to-morrow."

There was a pause filled with the chill breath of sadness.

"I'm afraid," she added, breaking it.

"Don't be," I remonstrated. They

make those operations often and successfully. Nearly every time they succeed. It is the simplest thing, they tell me, in the world."

She rested her two hands on the arms of the chair. Her head bent

forward. "I want to see," she mused, half to herself and half to me, after the fashion of old people. "For a long time I have seen nothing, or next to nothing. Just a blur. That's all."

I sewed.

"I should like," she repeated, "to see."

Taking up a corner of her wide white cap string she wiped away a tear.

I sewed hard.

"I don't know why I was blinded so," she went on quaveringly. "Always I have done what I thought to be right. I was good to mon mari. He was a grand man, mon mari. I miss him."

CRAMER.
"IT'S A PITY YOU CAN'T SEE ME," SAID I, "I'M SO PRETTY."

Another tear! The threads began to knot.

"I was good to my children, too. As good as I knew how to be. But there must have been something I did that was wrong. Some little thing that I did not know of. And for that I have been given this penitence."

The thread broke. The needle was hard to thread again, the eye was so small.

"Mais, c'est une petite pénitence," she breathed, and was silent.

Dropping my work in my lap I looked up



Drawn by Louis Cramer.

at her. I wish I could paint the gentle resignation of her face and manner. It might strike home to the heart of some wretch who knows of sins for which he should be blinded, but is not.

I'm not quite dyed in the wool myself; but it struck home to mine.

She turned to me.

"I've never seen you," she faltered. "Never really seen you... I can see the white of your gown, your hands moving, and the place where your face is; but that is all."

"It's a pity you can't see me," said I. "A real pity. I'm so pretty."

She laughed as I had intended she should, and reaching forth her wrinkled hand touched mine with a stroke that was like the loving stroke of a pet kitten.

"I like you," she said.

Nestling back into the comfort of the chair she sat for a long while quiet, half asleep, nodding.

I sewed and sewed, broke threads, threaded needles once more and sewed.

Rousing suddenly: "When you are tired of me," she flurried, "let me know and I will go on back to my room."

"I am never tired of you," I demurred.

She stroked my hand again, raised herself with difficulty and stood.

"I think I must be going anyway," she smiled, "to take my nap."

Laying aside my sewing I led her to my door, through it to the hall and along the hall to her door, where, bowing low in the ornate French fashion, I said:

"Thank you very much, Maman Lisa, for your little visit."

* * * * *

I did not forget her—I never do—but it happened somehow that it lacked only an hour of her starting for the Convent of the Little Sisters before I went in to see her.

"I was afraid you had gone," I cried.

She stood in the middle of the room, shrunken by age to the smallness of a child, but beautiful.

"Do you think," she questioned, "that I would have gone without seeing you first?"

I was silent.

"You haven't understood," she sighed. It was often, alas! that I did not understand.

"Perfectly," I replied. "Perfectly."

It was this talking of seeing me when she could not see me that had saddened me into silence.

I repeated her words.

She laughed contentedly.

"You begin to make much progress in the French," she declared; but that was only her French courtesy.

Motioning me to a seat she took one.

"It requires courage," she began. The voice was little above a whisper.

"Everything in life requires courage," asserted I staunchly, "but this operation is so simple I am sure you needn't be afraid. I am sure."

But I was not so sure.

"Don't stay long," I begged, taking leave of her after a time. "Have it over and done with and come on back home, for I shall miss you."

* * * * *

I did. The first day it seemed like death, the silence of the room. Her daughter, a tall, fair, frail woman with two large eyes, brought in my linen.

"She has gone then," said I.

"Yes."

I was stretched on my couch, resting. She came and stood over me. I could find no words to speak to her. Never had I so regretted my imperfect French. I took her hand. The tears rose to her eyes. She covered her face with the other hand and fell to sobbing.

"Ne pleurez pas. Ne pleurez pas," was all I could say; but I put my arms around her neck and kissed her.

* * * * *

For two weeks the deathlike stillness reigned in the room. No slow soft footsteps crossed it; no subdued cough echoed; and when I sneezed no old-child voice cried laughingly out: "Dieu vous benisse."

Then she came back.

From the tall fair daughter I had heard the news.

I flinched from going to her. I let the hours slip by, but at length I went.

She sat by the window, her face turned to the light.

I crossed the room and stood before her.

"Is that you, Henriette?" she asked.

Henriette is her daughter.

"No," I answered. "It is not Henriette. It is I."

"I know your voice," she said. "I remember it. I used to see the white of your hands moving and the blur of your face. You are standing before me now. Aren't you?"

With wavering fingers she touched my skirt.

"Yes," I assented. "I am here."

"I can't see anything at all now," she complained. "Not the white of your hands nor the white of your face. Nothing!"

The old-child voice broke.

"Mais c'est une petite pénitence," it sobbed, and you are so pretty!"

I sank on my knees before her. I took the little withered wavering hands and held them to my lips.

"Maman Lisa," I said, "don't let that worry you. Don't care about that. It was all a joke. I used to be pretty—pretty as a picture—but I'm not—any more."

AN EXPENSIVE PASSENGER.

A SHORT, heavy-set man walked briskly up to the general office of the P. & R. R. R., and stopped at the General Passenger Agent's office. He was well dressed, and of rather striking appearance. He had a keen eye and a thoroughly business-like air, and there was something about the man to arrest attention.



"IS MR. YORK IN?"

Drawn by S. H. Persick.

He was evidently familiar with the place, for, without a moment's hesitation, he opened the door and walked in, at the same time consulting a handsome gold watch, with a diamond set in the lid.

"Is Mr. York in?" he asked, as he stepped up to the railing.

"Mr. York went out a couple of hours ago, and did not say when he would return," replied the clerk.

"Oh, well, it's really immaterial, for he said that possibly he might not be in when I called this evening, but promised to issue a pass for me and leave it here. Henry King is the name, and you will oblige me by ascertaining whether he has done so."

"Certainly; I will look in his desk, but I have some doubts in the matter, for Mr. York generally mentions such things to me."

"Of course he may have forgotten it, but please be kind enough to look it up for me

as quickly as possible, for I wish to go to Chicago on the 7.30 train, and it is after seven now."

The clerk was gone about two minutes, and carefully looking through the General Passenger Agent's desk found no envelope marked for Henry King.

"I do not find it, and have every reason to believe that no pass has been issued in your name. I am sorry, but can do nothing for you," said the clerk politely.

"There must be a mistake somewhere, for Mr. York promised me positively that he would leave it here for me, and it is a serious disappointment to not get it; if it is not here he has without doubt forgotten it, and I shall bring the matter to his mind in a very forcible manner, for he owes me the favor, and I am entitled to it. Please say to him on his return that I called and complimented him on his excellent memory."

The man paused as though an idea had occurred to him.

"Possibly he has left it at the ticket office, and I shall go there at once and inquire. If Mr. York has failed me in the matter I promise he shall hear from me in a manner that he will not forget. But he can hardly neglect so trifling a favor if he will but remember a great service I rendered him at one time, when it stood him in great need. I thank you for your courtesy. Good evening." And King turned on his heel and left the room.

Ransom, the clerk who had waited on King, was accustomed to meeting all kinds of callers on all sorts of errands, but the last one puzzled him, for "forgot" was not in Mr. York's vocabulary.

When King left the General Passenger Agent's office he went directly to the ticket office, and presented himself at the window.

"Did Mr. York leave a pass here for me? Henry King is the name. I have just come from his office, and was informed that he was not in and that nothing was there for me."

The ticket agent stepped to a table, looked in a certain pigeon hole in a small cabinet, and shook his head.

"Not here," he said.

"To say the least this is very strange," said King. It must be an oversight, and by which I am somewhat inconvenienced. Mr. York positively promised to issue me a pass to-day, and, considering the obligation he is under to me, I am very much surprised at his disregard for his word. However, I can pay my fare, so please let me have a ticket to Chicago."

He drew a blank receipt from his pocket, filled it out for the proper amount, and shoved it, together with a crisp \$20 bill, under the wicket.

"Sign the receipt, please," said King; "I may have use for it." And he did.

The agent eyed King suspiciously, and as the latter walked briskly away, with the air

of a victim of injustice, remarked to one of the ticket sellers:—

"That's a smooth fellow, and there's something peculiar about him that makes you notice him. I don't know what makes me think so, but I would not be surprised if he's up to some crooked game, and I'll bet a cent we'll hear of him again. I almost wish I hadn't signed that receipt, although I've done it before."

King went at once to the baggage-room, and while his small trunk was being checked, complained about Mr. York having disappointed him in not leaving his pass for him. Railroad men, as a rule, have neither the time nor the inclination to listen to the "tales of woe" which are poured out to them in generous quantities by the abused traveling public, for they have troubles of their own, so no special attention was paid to the man's story, although the baggage agent afterward remarked that this particular customer was easily remembered.

Now, just as King left the ticket window a gentleman stepped up and bought a ticket to Bates, the first station out, for which he paid thirty-three cents. Many others also bought tickets, for travel was heavy that night and the incident of the receipt and alleged pass was quite forgotten by the ticket sellers.

The conductor's "Aboard!" rang out through the train shed, the bell of the 101 clanged loudly, the trainmen swung aboard, and the train was off.

In the front seat of the smoker sat two men in whispered consultation. They were Henry King, he of the overlooked pass, and Joe Kent, the purchaser of the thirty-three-cent ticket to Bates.

"Tickets, please."

The conductor adjusts his lantern under his arm, slips on his eyeglasses and is ready for a night's work. King and Kent hand up their tickets simultaneously, the portly conductor quickly punches them, and slips a narrow pasteboard behind the hatband of each man, one with two punch marks, for Bates, eleven miles out, and one with a single hole, for Chicago.

The fact is, King and Kent are into a bold scheme to beat the railroad company, not only for the purpose of one of them getting practically a free ride to Chicago, nearly \$10 worth, but they are after bigger game.

The two men had exchanged tickets, so that King, who had really paid for a ticket

to Chicago, had one for Bates; and Kent had the one to Chicago, and had been checked through.

When the conductor had gone half way through the car, King goes to the rear of the car, takes a sup of water, passes into the next car, and takes a seat in the rear. In the meantime he has removed his destination check, and now pulls his hat over his eyes and apparently soon goes to sleep.

The conductor soon approaches, and touches King on the arm.

"Ticket, please."

King started up as out of a sleep, and said:—

"I gave you my ticket in the other car."

"Where's your check, then?"

"You either did not give me one, or else I have lost it."

"Where are you going?"

"Chicago."

"Then you surely must have a check, for under no circumstances could I fail to check a through passenger."

"Possibly I put it in my pocket, and I presume this must be it," said King, as he slowly drew the check from his vest pocket, where he had purposely put it.

"YOUR CHECK IS TO BATES, NOT TO CHICAGO."

Drawn by S. H. Persick.

"This is only to Bates, the first stop. You will either have to get off there, or pay your fare on to Chicago. You have about fifteen minutes to decide," and the man in the uniform moved on.

The train stopped at Bates exactly on time, and was soon in motion again. The conductor came through the train and stopped at King's seat.

"Since you did not get off at Bates I must ask you for your fare if you are going on to Chicago."

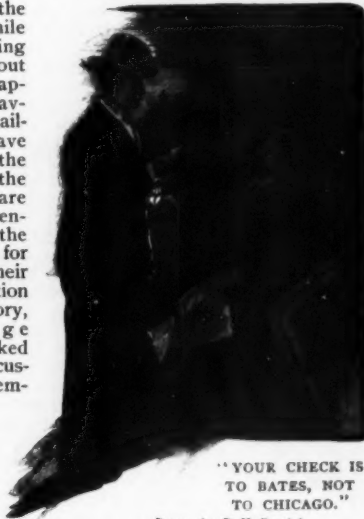
"I told you, sir," said King, doggedly, "that I gave you my ticket. I am going to Chicago on this train or be handsomely paid for being denied that pleasure."

"Your check is to Bates, and not to Chicago. The fare is \$8.97, and I haven't any time for further parleying."

"I don't propose to pay two fares for one ride," retorted King. "I have not only taken the precaution to take the number of my ticket, but have written my name on it, and if you will look through your tickets you will find No. 170,239."

Frowley, the conductor, looked through a bunch of tickets, and, sure enough, there was ticket No. 170,239, to Chicago, with the name "Henry King" plainly written across the back.

"It is no fault of mine that you gave me



the wrong check, and I can't afford to suffer for your blunder," said King. "Furthermore," he added, "I was careful to take the ticket agent's receipt for the money, which I paid for my ticket, \$9.30; here it is," and he displayed it with an air of quiet triumph.

"I remember, now," said Frowley, "there were two of you in the first seat in the smoker. One had a ticket to Bates, and one to Chicago, but I don't believe that one was you, or else you and your partner have exchanged checks, a most unlikely thing. You will have to pay or leave the train at the next station, for the law prevents my putting you off between stations."

Frowley was satisfied that the fellow was playing a shrewd game on him. The fact of the man's carrying a receipt, his having tried to conceal his destination check, and his having changed seats in such a short distance made the case suspicious, and his mind was made up what to do, and risk the consequences. He went on working his train. The whistle soon blew for Lilly, and the train stopped at the platform. A number of passengers alighted, the brakeman waved his lantern, and the train moved on.

Frowley hurried into the coach where he had left King, and found that individual apparently settled down for the night. Frowley jerked King's arm.

"Will you pay your fare?"

"Certainly not the second time," coolly replied King, straightening up.

In an instant Frowley's hand was on the air-brake cord. A hissing sound, a sudden jerk, and the train stood still.

Frowley was a powerful man, and in less time than it takes to tell it he had King on the platform and hustled him down the steps.

King's plan had worked. He had been put off the train after having produced unmistakable evidence that he was entitled to a seat, although we know that he gave the conductor a ticket to Bates only. Now he would play his big trump.

It was only about thirty rods back to the station. King slowly walked to the depot, and took the 9.30 train back to the city. Next morning he went to the office of his attorney, who, by the way, had been previously engaged on the case, and a suit was brought against the P. & R. R. Co. for \$5,000 damages. Of course it would have been smooth sailing to win out on the evidence in hand. King's identity could easily be established. The receipt was made out in his name. At least three of the railroad employees could identify him in connection with the pass episode. The company had no chance to win, although they knew well enough that the case was a swindle, and their attorney advised them to settle as best they could out of court. King was offered \$1,000 to settle, on the one condition that he would tell exactly how the thing was done. This he did, for his trick netted him a very neat sum for an evening's work.

A. M. RONDA.



A MOTHER'S CARE.

I.

I wish dear Nell would try to be
More orderly and neat.
My desk is such a sight to see,
E'er since she borrowed it from me,
It passes all conceit.

II.

Just look! A sketch she made at school
Disfigured by a blot,
Pens, pencils, paper, paper-rule,
Cards, envelopes and a cotton-spool
Commingled in a lot.

III.

What's this? A letter, I declare,
Of love,—

"My Dearest Heart,"
It reads,

"Don't drive me to despair,
For you and you alone I care;
Oh, bid me not depart."

IV.

I never dreamed my child could fall,
And surreptitious grow.
But stop! I wrong her after all;
Her father wrote it, I recall,
Some thirty years ago.

MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM.

ROBANGET OF KROKAR IAM OF
TAMANIÄL.

[Abridged by PERCY LOUIS SHAW.]

I.

Krokar indeed is gone, with all he knows,
And half the city's tribute in his clothes,
But still the tiger Carrolls to his lord
And many a plum beside the pool-room
grows.

II.

Oh, threats of Easy! Hopes of strenuous
Ted!
One thing at least is certain,—Moss is
dead;
One thing is certain, bold Mazet has fled,
And "private business" flourishes instead.

III.

Some for the loot of Ramapo, and some
Sigh for another glacier trust to come.
Ah, take the cash and let the credit go
Nor heed the rumble of fierce Coler's
drum.

IV.

"I sent my men through dives invisible
The church-born uproar of the good to
quell,
And bye and bye my men returned and
said:
'Oh, Krokar, you yourself are heaven or
hell,'

V.

"There were the doors to which I held the
key;
There was the slough where vice breeds
misery.
Some talk of quick reform, morality,
There was, and then no more of that and
me."

VI.

"For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a Potter thumping our poor
clay.
And with his all-obliterating tongue
He murmured: 'Quickly, Krokar, haste
away.'

VII.

"But I—Waste not your hour in vain pur-
suit
To make my hirelings towers of fair repute.
Better be merry with our fruitful Hall,
Than sadder after small and virtuous
fruit.'

VIII.

"And yet my computations, people say,
Reduced my fees to better reckoning? Nay
'Twas only striking from the written page
The ways of Tweed and his sad yesterday."

IX.

The Chieftain's finger writes and having
writ
Moves on, nor all your piety nor wit
Can lure it to acknowledge half a line;
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

X.

Ah, make the most of what we yet may
spend
Before we, too, into the dust descend.
Dust into dust and under dust to lie,
Sans votes, sans power, sans tribute and
sans friend.



ONE AFTERNOON.

THE house at West Fiftieth street was
jammed. It was a 2x4 house and a 5x6
crowd. Women of all ages and sexes, with
here and there a man, like a currant in a
teacake.

Miss Rangin stood in a corner with, in
front of her, the plum she had extracted
from the crowd. He was a young and green
plum, but the rarity of male animals gave
him a scarcity value.

"I began to think there were no men
left," remarked Miss Rangin, sarcastically.
She was considered by her friends to have a
cynical temperament. It was she who had
once said that "gratitude among girls at a
dance was simply a lively sense of favors to
come."

"Teas are so crowded," murmured the
plum, not heeding her remark. "One's coat
is positively torn off. How do you do?"
languidly, to a passing woman; "so glad to
see you; thanks; not at all; at 8 o'clock on
Wednesday; delighted to come, I'm sure."
"Awful bore," he sighed, blinking at Miss
Rangin, as he swished his coat tails back
into place, "but people positively will not
let you dine alone. When you dine out you
have to talk. I hate talking while I eat;
it distracts one so."

"Do you prefer dances?" inquired Miss
Rangin, solicitously.

"No, don't like 'em; too heating. Er—
when did you get back to town?"

"That's the tenth time I've been asked
that to-day. I got back a week ago."

Here a rush of the crowd separated them,
and Miss Rangin was drifted againts a tea-
table.

"Tea or chocolate?" inquired a shy, dis-
couraged-looking girl, picking up a cup and

saucer, from which a spoon fell with a crash amongst the china.

"Tea, with cream and sugar, thanks," returned Miss Rangin, in a superior tone. She had been a bud herself last year, and felt as one feels who is no longer a freshman.

"I wouldn't do that," exclaimed a voice behind her, "you surely know what reception tea is."

She turned to see the man whom she had thought would come there on her account.

"I'll resign it in your favor then," she said, holding out her hand. "I'm delightfully surprised to see you."

He looked at her doubtfully. "I'm surprised myself." She handed him the cup of tea. "How interesting! What is the occasion of your presence, an anniversary, or a celebration like a private Fourth of July?"

"No, it's a declaration of dependence."

"On tea?" she asked, raising her eyebrows.

He shook his head sadly. "How soon are you going home?"

"I don't know," and she glanced around gaily. "I've only just come."

"Can I go with you when you do go?"

"But you want to go now," she returned. "I wouldn't keep you for the world. The attractions of tea and toast and talking, I'm sure, don't appeal to you."

"Oh, I'd like to wait immensely," he answered, trying to put down his tea-cup on the edge of an uncertain little table. "I'll stay here behind you until you are ready."

"No, no, now that you are here you must do your duty. I don't like to give advice, but if you are really going to stay, there are some old ladies in the next room, to whom a man at a tea is surprising but interesting, and just over there I see a great friend of yours."

"She doesn't interest me at present."

"She ought to, then, for she is very well turned out, and has all the virtues."

"Virtues are a mighty poor equipment for the social racket."

Just here the target of these remarks crossed the room to them, greeted Miss Rangin cordially, and began to talk to the man. Miss Rangin turned airily away and made for the door. For an instant the man wavered, then brazenly slipped after her through the crowd. He caught up with her on the doorstep.

"I thought you were not going so soon,"

he said, grabbing his hat from the man at the door.

"I became bored," she answered, sweetly.

"May I take you home then?"

She gazed around vaguely, murmuring, "the carriage is here somewhere."

"Devil take the carriage," said the man to himself. Then, appealingly, to the girl, "Miss Rangin, I've come way up from down town, struggled into my best and most uncomfortable clothes, and come to this thing"—with a wave toward the house—"and all to see you, and now you say you are going home in the carriage."

She clasped her hands behind her back



"DEVIL TAKE THE CARRIAGE!"

Drawn by H. S. Eddy.

and smiled. "If you will promise to control your temper," she said, "and as you look very nice in your clothes, you might take me home in the carriage and have a cup of tea—real tea, not coming-out tea—unless," she suggested, cautiously, "you have some one you wish to see, or something you want to say, in 'this thing,'" nodding her head toward the house.

"I have something I've long wanted to say," he returned, earnestly, "but not in there."

"If it is amusing," said the lady with the cynical temperament, "we'll discuss it when we get home."

And they did.

F. S. HOPPIN, JR.

A BRILLIANT JURIST.

THE Secretary of War, Elihu Root, is achieving the same high distinction in official circles as has marked his career in the practice of law. His success is based upon an unusual combination of qualities. He is a student and a good business man, a scholar and eminently practical, dignified, and yet gifted with a rare sense of humor. He was born in Clinton, N. Y., 1845, was graduated from Hamilton, 1864, and the New York University Law College, 1867. His progress at the bar was swift, and in 1883 he was made United States District Attorney for the Southern District of New York, at the remarkably early age of thirty-eight. He made an efficient prosecuting officer, and so won the respect of the people that he was sent to the State Constitutional Convention in 1894, and was made chairman of the Judiciary Committee of that body.

He has taken an active part in nearly all the great municipal movements, and is identified with the best interests of the city. In his mental composition there is much that reminds the observer of the famous Chinese Premier, Li Hung Chang. He has the same prodigious memory, the same keen sense of humor, and the same quaint power of asking questions of questioners. This peculiarity is of great service at times in the trial of law cases, and of immense effect in political councils and in private life.

Once he was called upon by a committee, who wanted his views upon some public matters. He received them with delightful urbanity, entertained with generous hand, and finally bowed them out thoroughly happy with their reception. When the committee came to compare notes they discovered that they had not secured a single opinion from the great lawyer, but had on the contrary given him all the information they possessed upon the subject.

Clever reporters, who know him, fight shy of interviewing him. One of the famous scribes of a New York daily said:—

"Interview Root? That's very easily said, but it is almost impossible to do. I have tried it a dozen times, and every time he interviewed me without my knowing it."

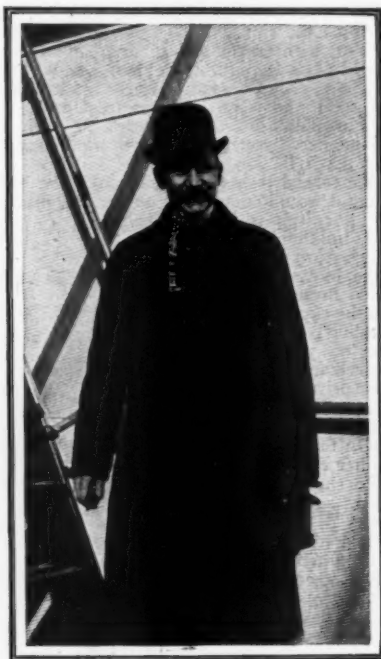
On one occasion a Washington politician alluded to some street brawl in Cuba as a riot. His statement was promptly questioned by a friend, and he turned to the Secretary and said: "It may have been only a brawl, but I know that wherever there is a smoke there is a fire."

The Secretary looked up quietly and remarked:—

"Which you suppose to be the case with your Havana."

When president of the New England Society some one asked Mr. Root: "Why is it that although all good New Englanders are said to go to Paris, when in reality they go to New York?"

The Secretary thoughtfully responded:—



SECRETARY ROOT.

From a snap-shot taken on the way to Cuba.

"I presume they go to Paris to die, but to New York to live."

Mr. Root's tact is extraordinary. He accepted his present office upon the retirement of General Alger, over whom at the time raged an excited storm. Both the friends and foes of the latter attempted to enlist the sympathies of the new incumbent, but their endeavors were utterly fruitless. From his accession to the present time his department has been managed with such skill as to win the respect of his political enemies.



A FABLE FOR MODERNS.

IN a community of animals the fox once set himself up as a doctor. Proposing to his customers to be perfectly fair, he said he would take no pay except where there was a cure. He prescribed in all cases of sickness and took a fee from all that got well. This seemed fair enough to the animals, and even generous. But the fox soon became rich, since every one that got sick recovered many times while he died only once; so that each animal contributed often to the fox and only once got his services for nothing.

AUSTIN BIERBAUER.

THE WOLVES OF THE SEA.

FROM dusk until dawn they are hurrying on,
Unfettered and fearless they flee;
From morn until eve they plunder and thieve—
The hungry, white wolves of the Sea!

With never a rest they race to the west,
To the Orient's rim do they run;
By the berg and the floe of the northland they go
And away to the isles of the sun.

They wail at the moon from the desolate dune
Till the air has grown dank with their breath;
They snarl at the stars from the treacherous bars
Of the coasts that are haunted by Death.

They grapple and bite in a keen, mad delight
As they feed on the bosom of Grief;
And one steals away to a cave with his prey
And one to the rocks of the reef.

With the froth on their lips they follow the ships,
Each striving to lead in the chase;
Since loosed by the hand of the King of their band
They have known but the rush of the race.

They are shaggy and old, yet as mighty and bold
As when God's freshest gale set them free;
Not a sail is unfurled in a port of the world
But is prey for the wolves of the Sea!

Herbert Bashford.



"HE HEARD THE EXULTANT, CLEAR-TONED SHOUT OF 'CLEAR SHIP FOR ACTION!'"

"'Toggles' of the 'Monitor'."

Drawn by Charles Grunwald.